

117  
670412

# THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE

THE HULL MYSTERY SOLVED!

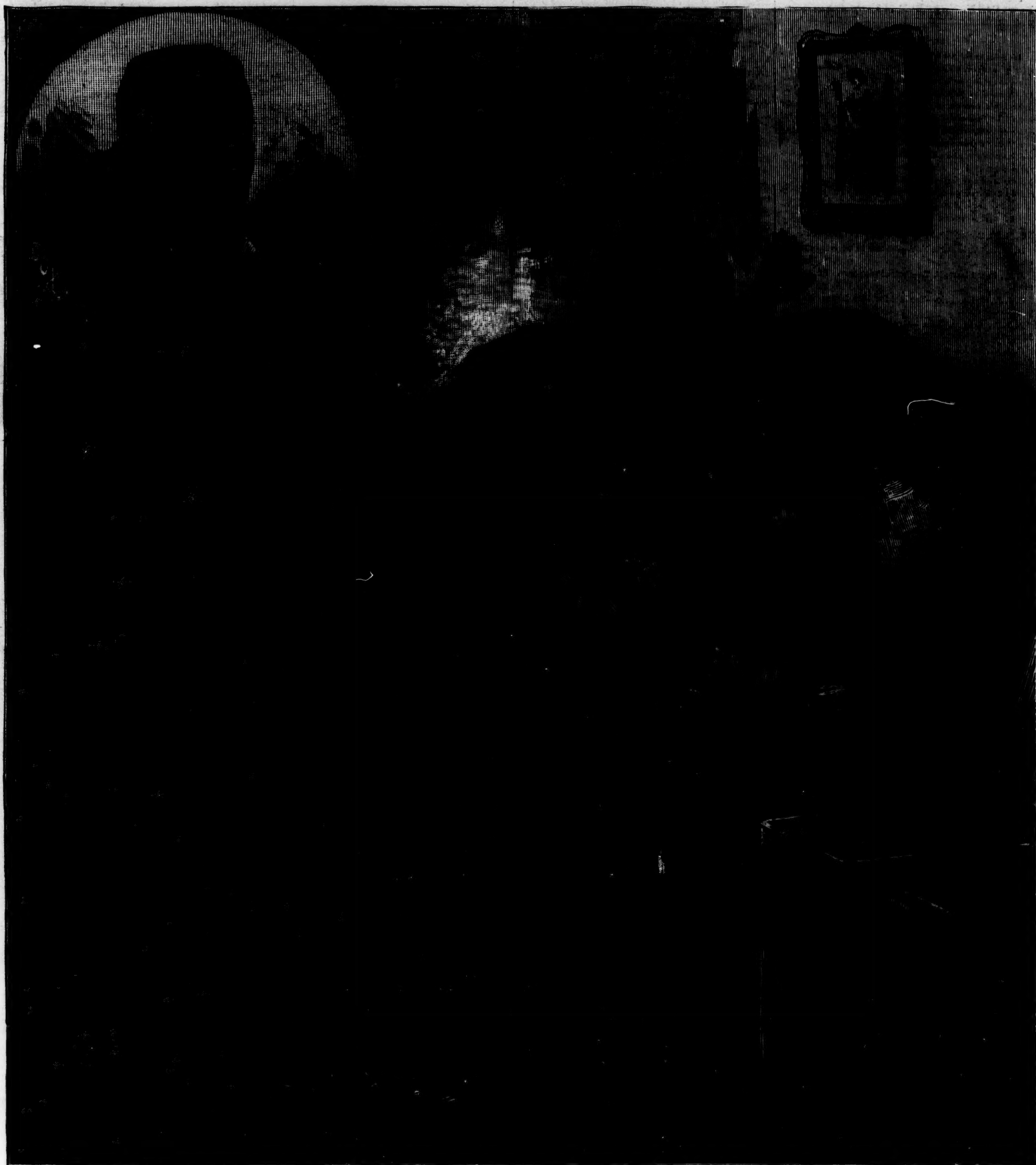
THE OLDEST ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY. ESTABLISHED 1846

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1879, by the Publisher of THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.

Vol. XXXIV.—No. 93.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 5, 1879.

Price Ten Cents.



THE HULL MURDER, NEW YORK CITY.—MRS. HULL'S INEFFECTUAL STRUGGLE FOR HER LIFE WITH THE NEGRO ASSASSIN, CHASTINE COX, AFTER HER AWAKING HAD DISTURBED HIM IN HIS WORK OF PLUNDERING HER APARTMENT.—SEE PAGE 6.



# THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE

The Oldest Illustrated Weekly, Established 1848  
 RICHARD K. FOX, Proprietor.  
 Office : 2, 4 & 6 Reade Street, N. Y.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING  
 SATURDAY, JULY 5, 1879.

## Terms of Subscription.

One copy, one year.....\$4.00  
 One copy, six months.....2.00  
 One copy, three months.....1.00  
 Single copies.....Ten Cents  
 To Clubs a liberal discount will be allowed.  
 Postage FREE to all subscribers in the United States.  
 Subscriptions, communications and all business letters must be addressed to the publisher, 2, 4 and 6 Reade street, (P. O. Box 40) New York city.  
 All letters containing money should be sent by registered letter or Post Office money order.

The Trade Supplied by The American News Co., N. Y., or any of their Branches.

## To Artists and Photographers.

We solicit sketches of noteworthy occurrences from persons of artistic ability in all parts of the United States. We also invite photographers in every section of the Union to forward us photographs of interesting events and of individuals prominently concerned in them. The matter should be forwarded to us at the earliest possible moment after the occurrence, and, if acceptable, will be liberally paid for. Persons capable of producing such sketches, as well as photographers throughout the country, are respectfully requested to send name and address to this office. This will on no occasion be published, unless desired, but is simply held as a guarantee of good faith.

## Answers to Correspondents.

C. M. R., Rochester, N. Y.—Can make nothing of it.  
 H. S. K., Little Falls, N. Y.—Matter is of local interest only.  
 J. M., Fort Shaw, M. T.—Portrait appears. Further by mail.  
 C. J. J., Cadiz, Ohio.—Too late for this issue; will appear in our next.  
 A. J. B., Clifton, Kan.—Already received; could not illustrate this week.  
 R. A. C., St. Albans, Vt.—Have published the account from another source.  
 N. F. C., Paducah, Ky.—Unable to publish it this week. Thanks for the attention.  
 M. J., Easta Boga, Ala.—Too late for this issue; will illustrate it in our next, if possible.  
 E. S. W., Tarboro, N. C.—Much obliged for the attention. Hope you will favor us similarly again.  
 A. M. G., Kingston, N. Y.—Contents of letter noted. Three, all told, since settlement. Further by mail.  
 N. Quon, Lebanon, Tenn.—Murder item published; send us account of other matter if of sufficient general interest.  
 G. W. E. T., Graniteville, S. C.—Occurrence was noted in our preceding issue; too far behind date for illustration.  
 F. L. P., Boonville, Miss.—Not of sufficient general interest to publish in the crowded condition of our columns this week.  
 CORRESPONDENT, Leavenworth, Ind.—Article appears with illustration. Other matter attended to; thanks. Further by mail.  
 G. W., Springfield, Mass.—Have published complete account of the tragedy, fully illustrated, from another source, in this issue.  
 N. O., New York City.—Do not quite catch the drift of your interrogatory. If you will call at this office will give you any satisfaction possible.  
 E. C. T., Kirwin, Kansas.—Too late for this week. May use some or a portion next week if we can find room, though it is somewhat out of our line.  
 J. F. M., Houston, Texas.—Article with illustration will appear in our next; too late for this issue. Please notify newsdealers and others to that effect.  
 R. D. Columbus, O.—Send us items of interest and we will publish if suitable. Rough outline sketches of scenes of occurrences or localities are sufficient.  
 F. R. S., Vicksburg, Miss.—Can find no room for items sent, in view of the press of matter of unusual interest this week. Attention appreciated, however.  
 KENO, New Albany, Ind.—Account previously received from another source. We cannot use matter in the forthcoming issue if received later than Wednesday.  
 CHIEF BROOKS, Washington, D. C.—Thanks for the courtesy. Heard of the change in the arrangements after letter was sent, but the matter is still of interest.  
 C. H. C., Independence, Mo.—Published with illustration and portraits. Let us hear further in regard to it. Further by mail. Other item was published last week.  
 F. C. D., Toronto.—Regret the circumstance. We had supposed the source to be reliable. However, it only furnishes another evidence of the natural depravity of mankind.  
 B. Marysville, Cal.—Had quite an extended account of the occurrence in type when your account arrived. Should have illustrated it but for the press of other matters.  
 CORRESPONDENT, Eagle Pass, Texas.—Could not illustrate it on points furnished. Please be more explicit next time and always send sketch of locality or something to serve as a guide.  
 P. S. H., Muncie, Ind.—Will be glad to receive fresh items of general interest. We do not care to publish the portraits of such officials unless they become connected with notable occurrences in any way.  
 W. T. R., Monticello, Fla.—Much obliged for the attention, but colored revivals are quite too common an entertainment to be of general interest. Send us something in the way of exciting or notable occurrences and we shall be glad to receive it.  
 A. E. POTTER, Rockingham, N. C.—We have no knowledge of any dealers in the obscene stuff you wish to obtain. If we had, the only use we should make of it would be to communicate it at once to the proper authorities that said miscreants might receive their just dues at the hands of offended law and outraged decency.

## THE MYSTERY SOLVED.

The profound mystery of the murder of Mrs. Hull has been solved at last, and the long hidden crime has been laid bare before the eyes of the public and the law. No thanks to the police force of the city where it was committed for the solution, all the same.

Whatever credit is due in the matter belongs, decidedly, to Mr. Balch, a member of the profession towards which the police in general and the pompous incompetent, who has endeavored so desperately to thrust himself into prominence in the matter, in particular, affect such insolent contempt while in the discharge of their duty to the public.

In this instance, however, the gentlemen of the force, having been completely knocked off their pins by the shrewd journalist, try to cover up their discomfiture by a sudden appreciation of the press. Even Captain Williams is willing to divide a little of the credit with Report or Balch. He and the rest will eventually find, however, that they have no hand in the distribution. The public will attend to that, and has already liberally bestowed honor where the honor is due in the case. In our remarks upon the police business in the matter, in this column, last week, we took occasion not only to show the utter absurdity and lack of the slightest reasonable groundwork in the indirect accusation directed against the husband of the unfortunate lady, but to assert our belief that the police were altogether at sea in the affair and without any definite clue or theory. Our printed accounts this week contain testimony that completely bears us out in both positions. In the face of the hollow exultation of police officials when the solution in which they had no hand was furnished and their cheeky self-glorification thereat, there stands the admission of Captain Williams, since his return with the murderer, that the police had been acting, up to Cox's arrest, on a false statement, which, he acknowledges, would probably, with the stupidity of the police, have sent the unjustly suspected husband of the unfortunate lady to the Tombs or even to the scaffold but for the shrewdness and energy of the Boston Journalist. It would weaken the status of the case to add a word to this ingenuous statement.

## GAZETTE ENTERPRISE.

It is with considerable satisfaction that we present to our readers this week the result of our efforts to lay before them not only a full and complete illustrated history of the Hull murder mystery and its solution, but the best and most satisfactory that has yet been presented to the public. That it is such will, we are convinced, be the verdict of all who have opportunities for comparison. Knowing the universal desire of the public, not limited to this vicinity, but throughout the entire country, to an extent seldom if ever before displayed in regard to an occurrence of a similar character, to obtain the fullest and most accurate presentation of the whole story, we have spared neither pains nor expense to produce an account that shall entirely meet the demand in those particulars. To secure this end we have had both artists and reporters constantly on the alert at every point where material to contribute to it might be procured. As in all previous sensations of such magnitude, mushroom publications, made up from bare descriptions, without regard to accuracy or correctness, have been hurriedly rushed through in catch-penny fashion to meet the public eagerness for everything concerning the all-absorbing topic while still at the height of the demand. The circulation of such matter is, however, naturally bound to be ephemeral, as its engineers are well aware, knowing that they cannot stand a comparison with such as that presented by the GAZETTE, with the appearance of which they will disappear from the market, while the GAZETTE'S account will be preserved as a reliable piece of local history and a valued memento of one of the most remarkable crimes of our day.

## THE MURDER OF MARSHAL BUCHER.

We publish this week an account of the fatal shooting of Samuel Bucher, city marshal of Westport, Mo., by one William M. Gossard. With this account we give an illustration depicting two distinct scenes of occurrences, happening some time apart, as essential to the full history of the tragedy. Just two weeks before the murder, likewise on a Sunday, Gossard, who appears to have previously been a reputable young man, hired a horse and buggy in Kansas City, where he resided, and, after becoming intoxicated, proceeded to Westport, where he drove through the streets in a reckless manner. Marshal Bucher attempted to arrest him, as was his duty. Gossard, heated with liquor, refused to halt. Then Marshal Bucher, as was not his duty, threw his cane at the young man. The structure of the cane is not very definitely described. Some accounts state that it was a sword-cane and that the sword portion flew out in its passage through the air. By others it is said to have been armed with a strong and sharp iron point. At all events, it proved to be a sufficiently formidable weapon, and, whether by chance or the accuracy of the marshal's aim, the point struck Gossard in the

groin, being strong enough and sharp enough to penetrate his clothing and inflict a wound that might very easily have been fatal. In fact it was by a mere chance that it was not. Gossard was confined to his bed for some time from its effects and while there had time to meditate over his physical injury at the hands of the marshal with no good feeling towards the latter, as well as upon the indirect damages in the loss of his situation in consequence of the affair, which, not very unnaturally, he was inclined to charge against the marshal. Upon his recovery he brooded over what he deemed his wrongs, having plenty of leisure to do so, and, most unwisely, kept his memory refreshed in that respect by copious draughts of stimulating drinks. At last, in a state of reckless intoxication, he drove to the house of the marshal, called him to his door, and, after a few words, shot him down, killing him almost instantly.

Of course it was murder and it is very proper that the perpetrator should pay the extreme penalty of the law for it. But, it may be asked, incidentally, had Gossard died from the effects of the wound inflicted upon him by Marshal Bucher, would that have been any less murder, or would the latter have been any the less deserving of the penalty that will, no doubt, be meted out to Gossard?

Gossard's first offense was only a misdemeanor and not a very serious one at that. Certainly, it was not deserving of death, and, had it been, Marshal Bucher was not authorized to inflict it. Yet, such was very near being the actual case. The point is of interest in this view only as an evidence of a far too prevalent reckless and arrogance on the part of individuals clothed with a little brief authority as presumed preservers of the peace. In this regard the tragedy affords a moral which, it is evident, might be conned with advantage by persons who happen temporarily to occupy such positions in every section of our boasted land of freedom.

## PECULIAR RELIGION.

Massachusetts religion is certainly peculiar in its tendencies, and we trust it may remain so. Pushed to its extreme development, it seems to have a strong bent towards homicide. When carried in this direction, too, its results are invariably of the most frightfully tragic character, fully equal to, if not surpassing in all the elements of horror the manifestations of the most hideous passions that can take possession of the human heart. It is but a few weeks since the bloody work of the Pocasset fanatics, in the butchery of their little daughter, inspired by a vanity, utterly incomprehensible to those unaffected by a similar craze, to appear before the world as imitators of the faith of Abraham, caused the civilized world to stand aghast at the ghastly horror of the insane mockery.

That feeling has not abated until we are called upon to record another tragedy, very similar in its leading features and infinitely more horrible. This time it is a German father, of less pretension to extra piety than the Freemans, who is inspired by religious sentiment to murder his offspring. John Kemmler, of Holyoke, did not, indeed, profess to be possessed of any ecstatic religious enthusiasm. His animus was a cold and philosophically cynical sentiment, but based all the same on a perverted religious zeal which forced him to the conclusion that his three little daughters would certainly be better off in another world, whereas they might grow up in this only to come to their ruin. He therefore reasoned that they would be gainers if he should butcher them now, so that they might "go straight to heaven," as he phrased it.

Really, if religion is going to run into homicide and that of the most frightful character, in this fashion, that sort of religion cannot too speedily be afforded a wholesome example or two in the way of judicial retribution.

At the time of the Pocasset tragedy we took the ground that the matter called for prompt and severe measures in view of the likelihood of the case furnishing a contagious impulse to minds similarly imperfectly constructed.

The Holyoke horror seems to be a case in point, and Kemmler would be excellent material with which to begin the lesson, since Freeman's neighbors are, apparently, too sympathetic to do him full justice.

In point of fact, Kemmler's crime comes more thoroughly in reach of the gallows, and, as he has asked as a favor that he shall be immediately hanged, it is to be hoped that the authorities will lose as little time as possible in obliging him.

## An Assassin's Cool Departure.

[With Portrait of the Murderer.]  
 RALEIGH, N. C., June 25.—Robert Jones, a negro, who murdered Rudolph Eaton, white, in the village of Rocky Mount, on December 25, 1877, was publicly hanged to-day at Tarboro. Jones was twice convicted on strong circumstantial evidence. A powerful effort was made to have Governor Jarvis commute the sentence to imprisonment for life, but he declined to interfere beyond once granting a respite to allow a thorough examination into the case. At ten minutes to eleven o'clock this morning the sheriff left the jail with the prisoner in an open wagon, the Edgecombe Guards accompanying, with a negro fire company in

red shirts. Jones talked, laughed and poked fun at the sheriff. He dwelt long on his religious experience, and said he was going straight to heaven. He was the coolest man ever seen on a gallows. He drank some wine in remembrance of his brethren in Christ, and followed this by general hand-shaking. At thirty-one minutes past twelve the noose and cap were put on, and two minutes later the drop was sprung. He died from strangulation in twenty-six minutes, and apparently suffered a great deal.

## A Huge Village Scandal.

[With Portraits.]

Society in West Plainfield, N. Y., has been stirred up to no little extent, recently, by the arrest of Frederick R. Hyde, a contractor and prominent real estate owner, on a charge of having committed a rape upon the person of Mrs. Augusta Gross, a dashing young widow of the place. The crime is alleged to have been committed on Sunday, the 8th inst. Hyde is a leading member of the Presbyterian church, and has a wife and several grown up children. At the close of the evening service on the day mentioned, he called at the residence of Mrs. Gross, who lives alone with her young child, and, it is alleged, accomplished his purpose by force. The matter has created a great stir in and about the village. It is further rumored that divorce proceedings will be begun by Hyde's wife. Hyde is held in \$5,000 bail to await the action of the grand jury. He is over fifty-five years of age, while his alleged victim is but thirty-four. It is also rumored that other exploits of an amatory character on the part of Hyde will be brought to light in connection with the investigation of the matter. Portraits of Hyde and his alleged victim are given on another page.

## Patrick Cavanaugh, a Chicago Rape Fiend.

[With Portrait.]

Patrick Cavanaugh is now confined in the county jail in Chicago, in default of \$5,000 bail, awaiting trial for a rape of the most atrocious character perpetrated upon a young woman named Retta Rood, in that city, on the 17th of April last. The girl is paralyzed in body and of feeble mind.

Cavanaugh is forty-three years of age and a married man, with children. His victim is but twenty. Cavanaugh went to the house on that day knowing her parents to be absent, and, locking the door, tried to coax her into a back room. She refused to go and he then knocked her down and brutally violated her person, in spite of her frantic screams for help. Some men who were passing heard her, but finding the front door locked, ran around the back way, gained admission and discovered the wretch in *flagrant delicto*. He made his escape, however, but was arrested the next day by Detectives Schaeck and Whalen. It is believed he will get the highest punishment under the laws of the state, which is imprisonment for life. A portrait of the miscreant is given elsewhere.

## A "Crooked" Regular.

[With Portrait.]

Melvin York, alias Lord, a private of Company A, 7th U. S. Infantry, deserted from his regiment at Fort Shaw, M. T., about the first of May, stealing a government horse to aid him in making his escape. After his desertion he obtained employment on the ranch of Mr. H. H. Clark, in the Prickly Pear Valley, about twenty miles from Helena. During the absence of his employer he stole \$120 in cash and a gold watch from him, and decamped with one of his best horses. Sheriff Jeffries, of Helena, was notified and overhauled the fugitive, after making a night ride in pursuit of him, on the Fort Benton road, at Fergus's ranch, twenty-five miles from Helena. He was lodged in the county jail. York is an Englishman, and, originally, a sailor. He has been known as a hard case. He will be discharged from the rolls of the army, and his next enlistment will be behind the walls of the Montana penitentiary, where he will be drilled in the intricacies of breaking stone and grading roads. His portrait appears on another page.

## The Murder of Jacob Day.

[With Portrait of the Murderers.]

James Peyton, a negro, who was to have been hanged on the 20th inst. for the murder of Jacob Day, another negro, in Washington, D. C., on the 7th of December last, has had his sentence commuted by the President to imprisonment for life, as was fore-shadowed in an account given in our last issue. Peter Lewis, a fellow African, was convicted as an accessory to the crime, and sentenced to ten years' imprisonment. Portraits of these homicidal colored gentlemen appear on another page.

## Favorites of the Footlights.

[With Portrait.]

A charming portrait of a popular favorite of the French stage, M'le Beaumond, of the "Varieties" Theatre, Paris, is added to our gallery this week. She is a pretty, piquant and gracefully formed lady, and a sprightly and talented artiste, inimitable in her line, and of well-earned local celebrity. Her early appearance on this side of the Atlantic is among the probabilities.

## Weston, the Winning Walker.

[With Portrait.]

We publish this week an excellent portrait of Edward Payson Weston, the victor in the recent international pedestrian contest for the Astley belt, in London, and the scorer, in that contest, of 550 miles in one hundred and forty-two hours, being inside of the allotted six days, the highest figure by all odds that has yet been reached in any contest.

## The Murdered Prince.

[With Portrait.]

Elsewhere in the current issue we present an authentic portrait of Prince Louis Napoleon, Prince Imperial of France, according to the faith of the Bonapartists, who was murdered by Zulu savages in South Africa, while on a reconnoiter, in the line of his duty as an officer of the British army.



# HOW SHARKEY SKIPPED.

The Episode of the Mysterious Escape of the  
Condemned Murderer of Robert S. Dunn  
From the Tombs Explained

BY THE REMARKABLE STORY

Told by the Captain of the Schooner in Which  
he Made his Way, Through the Alleged  
Assistance of Mike Murray,

## TO SAFETY ON SPANISH SOIL.

On Sunday, September 1st, 1872, William J. Sharkey, a ward politician and sporting man, killed Robert S. Dunn in a bar-room at 288 Hudson street. Dunn had been a professional gambler for fifteen years. Sharkey was the son of respected residents of the Ninth ward, but he went astray early in life, and after a brilliantly notorious career of the crooked sort, bloomed out into a successful political adventurer. He was a power in the Eighth ward primaries, had a club named after him, and belonged to every influential political organization in the Fifth Congressional District. Sharkey was found guilty of murder in the first degree, and sentenced to be hanged on August 15th, 1873. November 19th, 1873, found Sharkey still in the Tombs, an occupant of cell 40, on the second tier. At ten o'clock on the morning of that day the murderer was visited by

HIS MISTRESS, MAGGIE JOURDAN.

The girl, who, since her separation from her first lover, Thomas Murphy, the pick-pocket, had been a devoted companion of Sharkey, had beggared herself in order to provide him with funds for his defense. She visited him constantly in jail, and her quiet, modest demeanor had made her a general favorite. On the day in question she remained in conversation with him for two hours and a half, when she was joined by her friend, Mrs. Wesley Allen. At one o'clock Maggie Jourdan left the prison. At half-past one a tall, ungainly female, heavily veiled, handed a ticket to the doorman and went out. At two o'clock Mrs. Allen tried to pass out without a ticket, alleging that she had lost hers. An alarm was sounded, and Sharkey was found to have shaved his mustache off, invested himself in the attire provided by his mistress and her friend, and escaped. The ungainly female with the thick veil was the convicted murderer himself. The last trace Sharkey left was on a Bleecker street car. The late George W. Matsell, then superintendent of the police, took vigorous

STEPS TO TRACK THE ASSASSIN.

All the European steamers were kept under surveillance. Two thousand dollars reward was offered. The Eighth ward was searched with a vigor that left no likely refuge unexplored, and people who were known to have been Sharkey's intimates were closely shadowed. But all in vain. The flying man had managed to vanish and leave no trail.

Concerning the means by which the murderer's escape was effected, the Sunday News relates the following story:

Among Sharkey's old acquaintances was Mike Murray, who had lately come in possession of the schooner Frank Atwood, now famous as the means of Tweed's escape to Cuba. The Frank Atwood at that time lay at the foot of Pine street, loading for a voyage to Jamaica, Hayti. On November 24th, five days after the flight of Sharkey from the Tombs, the schooner's lading was completed, and Captain Bryant reported as ready for sea. The agent conveyed the information to the owner, and Captain Bryant was summoned to meet him at Wenberg's office.

"Are you ready for sea, captain?" asked Murray.

"Yes, sir," was the reply.

"How soon can you get out?"

"I can go out by daylight to-morrow if necessary."

"Can't you get out to-night?"

"Not very well, sir. It's hard to get a tug after dark now. But if I must get clear, why of course I must."

Murray reflected a little while. Then he said:

"Well, meet me at ten o'clock to-night in front of the Sinclair House. Don't fail, now, mind, and meanwhile

"GET READY FOR SAILING."

In obedience to this command, Captain Bryant went on board at once and saw that everything was prepared for departure. His clearances came from the custom house that afternoon, and he only awaited Murray's orders to sail.

"At ten o'clock that night," said the captain to the reporter, "I was at Clinton place and Broadway. I stood by the side door of the Sinclair House. Murray wasn't in sight, and I was just commencing to get cold enough to want a hot drink, when he came out of his gambling-house across the way. Ben Wenberg was with him. They were talking very confidentially together, and looking sharply for me.

"I skipped across the street to meet them. Murray said, 'I hope you haven't been waiting long, captain. Are you ready to sail to-morrow?'

"I am," I said, "or earlier if you want."

"Oh, well I guess to-morrow early will do. Look here, captain! there's a young fellow, the son of a clergyman, a friend of mine, who wants to take a West Indian trip, and it struck me you'd just be the man to tote him off. His expenses are all paid. Let's go and take a drink on it."

"We took the drink in the Sinclair House, and while we were taking it Murray explained to me that my passenger was in a little trouble and

WANTED TO GET AWAY ON THE QUIET.

It was only a civil damage case, he said. Murray handed me a package done up in thick yellow paper, tied and sealed.

"There's \$1,700 in gold and drafts in that bundle," he said. "Give it to my friend's son when he lands,

You needn't let him know you've got it till then. Get off as soon as you can to-morrow, and don't take a pilot. Just sign his bill and steer yourself out. Jump into a hack now and get right aboard."

"He called a hack and paid the driver, and I got in. Only then it struck me to ask what my passenger's name was, and I opened the hack door and called to them as they were walking off. Murry told me Frank Campbell.

"When will he come on board?" I asked.

"Lord bless you! he's on board now."

"I rattled down town in the hack. It struck me as being mighty funny that Mike Murray should have a clergyman for a friend and take such a fatherly interest in his son. But then, I thought, it might be some young fellow of good stock who had been cleaned out by the Philistines, and whom they wanted to get out of the way to save trouble. Anyhow, it didn't concern me, as long as Murray was suited, and

I DIDN'T BOTHER MY HEAD ABOUT IT.

When I got on board I found the cabin of the Atwood all lighted up. A young fellow was sitting in my arm-chair. He was smoking and had a tumbler of hot brandy and water before him. A bottle, three-quarters full of Martell, was on the table, and the galley tea-kettle stood on a plate alongside of it. Altogether my passenger was making himself at home in a free-and-easy way, indeed.

"He was about three-quarters drunk, but apart from that was a queer-looking young fellow for a minister's son. He was clean shaven, but had a very dark jaw from his dark beard. His face was a peculiar one, good-looking enough, but with eyes close together and very restless and shifty. Altogether, he had a very cunning, flash look, and I said to myself, 'Well, if I'm not very much mistaken, you're like most ministers' sons—'

"A TOLERABLE HARD CASE."

He wore a plain black broadcloth suit, new and shiny, carried a watch and a heavy gold chain, had a woman's cluster diamond ring on his finger, and a fancy blue necktie, with flowers worked in colored silks on the ends, around his neck. My mate sat with him. When I came into the cabin he looked over his shoulder, and the mate said, 'That's Captain Bryant.' He put out his hand and said, 'How are you, captain? I've been waiting for you ever since nine o'clock. But it's better late than never; eh, old boy?'

"We sat talking till late, and the more I got to know him the more I was puzzled. I tried hard to pump him, but it was emphatically no go. He spoke of nothing but horse races, politics, faro banks and women, and reeled off all sorts of loud stories like a breeze. He was a good talker, and told a story pretty well. We got along first-rate together. Once I asked him something about his father, the minister. He laughed and passed it off with a joke. From his style and the way he talked about women, I thought he was in trouble with some girl and was clearing out of New York to escape her. It wasn't the first time

I HAD CARRIED SUCH PASSENGERS.

He woke as early as I did. We got a tug at daylight. While we were casting off a pilot came on board. According to law you have to pay a pilot whether you use him or not. Acting on Murray's order, I told this one I didn't want him. He had his bill already made out, and I took it down into the cabin to sign. When I came up Campbell was talking to him. He offered him a drink and the pilot took it. It never struck me till long afterward that Campbell was doing the very thing Murray wanted him to avoid, letting himself be seen by people who might recognize him. Altogether, though, he seemed very careless and unconcerned. There was something wrong in the machinery of the tug, and we lay three-quarters of an hour alongside the dock, with a crowd of people watching us. There were two policemen among them. Campbell stayed on deck all the time, smoking and watching the men at work.

"I call him Campbell, because it wasn't till months afterward that I found out that my minister's son was William J. Sharkey, who was being hunted like a fox all the time he was laying off on the Frank Atwood, as calm as if he had never dreamed of such words as

MURDER OR THE GALLOWES.

And the person who disclosed his identity to me was the pilot with whom he had hobnobbed. The pilot had been struck by something in his appearance, and after going ashore got hold of a picture of Sharkey and fully identified him. By that time, though, we were outside of Sandy Hook, and he couldn't have overhauled us even if he had wanted, which he said he didn't.

"Mr. Frank Campbell, or Sharkey, as I may as well call him, wasn't near as agreeable an acquaintance when we got to sea as he was before starting. He was what might be called decidedly 'fresh,' and if there's anything a sailor hates it is a passenger of that sort. From morning till night he was constantly poking about, interfering with the men and muddling things up generally. He drank hard all the time. I expostulated more than once, but it did no good. At last things got so bad that the men began to notice it. They saw how careless Sharkey was of all I said, and began to think they ought to be insolent too. Six days out things about came to a climax and I made up my mind to show Mr. Sharkey that I was

MASTER ON MY OWN SHIP.

At dinner the cook, the same old Sam who cooked for Tweed nearly three years afterward, brought in a dish of squash. They were not very well mashed, and when Sharkey came to help himself he flew into a passion at the lumps. 'You black scorpion,' said he, 'what do you call this? Mashed squash or cobbles stones?'

"You kin call it whatever you please, massa," answered the darkey, innocently.

"Oh! I can, can I, you blasted, impudent thound? Well, I call it plaster for a hippy nigger's head, then."

"And he took the dish by the bottom, and smashed it in the cook's face. The heavy stone china broke, and cut the poor fellow's face fearfully, while the piling hot squash plastered all over, blistering wherever it touched. It was the most brutal and cruel

thing I ever saw done, and I've seen a good many. Sam gave an unearthly yell, and jumped for the deck, leaving a trail of blood behind him. Sharkey wiped his fingers on the tablecloth, and laid back, and laughed.

HIS PECULIAR NASTY, LOW, HARSH LAUGH.

He didn't laugh long, however, I can tell you. As soon as I got over my astonishment I jumped up and said: 'What do you mean by that? How dare you strike one of my men?'

"I'll strike you if you hanker after it much," says he, turning white with rage, and with his eyes snapping.

"Then, Mr. Campbell, you'll have the chance," I cried, and jumped at him. He stepped back, but his foot slipped, and I got my hand in his fancy neck-tie before he recovered himself and jerked him off his feet, just as he hauled off to kick me. I only struck him once, but I choked him till he was black in the face. I never saw a man in such a terrible rage. I forced him backward into the stateroom and let him go. He made a dive for his berth, and the mate yelled 'Captain! captain! he's got a pistol there!' And sure enough he had. He tumbled the pillow down and grabbed a revolver, but before he could use it we wrested it from him. Under the pillow were a couple of photographs, portraits of a young woman. I saw them afterward. They were the pictures of Maggie Jourdan. We left him to look at them, and locked him in.

"Sharkey's escape was easy enough. With half a chance and a little money and outside help, any man that isn't a natural born, double-dyed fool, can get out of the Tombs. I'll bet any money Sharkey was

READY TO SKIP TOO WEEKS BEFORE HE DID.

His girl could come in and out to him whenever she wanted. She didn't even have to get a ticket from the doorman. Every day she brought him in something, and it was easy enough to bring in a dress in pieces, for she was never searched. If the bundle was too ungainly, all she had to do was to sling it under her skirts.

"He was in luck to have such a girl as that."

"She was well enough. All women are about the same if you know how to manage 'em, any way, and Sharkey was up to a trick or two that way."

"We sailed to Baracoa, where we were to load a cargo of fruit for New York. Sharkey had never expressed his intention of landing in Cuba. At first he had spoken of stopping ashore at Jacmel. But he found Hayti such a forsaken country, with so few white faces, and all the people speaking French; that he changed his mind. 'I'll go to Cuba,' he said: 'It's easier to learn Spanish than French, and there's more fun there. Besides, I don't want to live among a parcel of coons like those Haytiens.' So I carried him to Baracoa. When he was ready to land I gave him the package of money and his pistol. He looked at the package, and asked: 'What's this?' I told him, and he was overjoyed. 'Well, by jingo,' he said,

"THIS IS BETTER NEWS THAN I EXPECTED."

Look here, Captain, let bygones be bygones; shake. We shook hands. He had a fine silk umbrella and he insisted on my accepting it. 'Give it to your wife,' he said. 'If you don't take it, I'll chuck it overboard.' In consideration of this threat I accepted the souvenir. My wife has got what is left of it. I went ashore with Sharkey, and attended to my business while he hunted a hotel. That afternoon I met him strolling around town, and he invited me to dinner. He told me then that he was going to take a trip overland, and promised to write to me from Havana. But he did not keep his word.

"The fact of his being an American put him on a good footing with the young Cubans, and I heard subsequently that he used this intimacy to make money from the Spanish government as a spy on the revolutionists, to which party most of the native young men belonged. However true or false this report is, I learned on pretty good authority that a determined attempt was made to assassinate him in Havana by some young patriots whom he had got into trouble. An accident saved him, but he was sufficiently scared to leave the island as soon as he could get off.

## A Boarding-School Burglarized.

HARTFORD, Conn., June 22.—Two burglars operated successfully in Farmington last night, entering the well-known boarding-school residence of Miss Porter and carrying off a lot of solid silver ware, including three dozen spoons and a gold-lined creamer and bowl. Many of the articles were valued especially because they were formerly the property of the elder Dr. Noah Porter, father of President Porter, of Yale. Julius D. Cowles's house was also entered, and considerable silver ware and jewelry taken, besides \$25 in money. This morning, when the burglaries were made known, there was great excitement in the village. An armed body of twenty men was at once organized and has been scouring the country about all day, but without success. The local Society for the Prevention of Crime and the selectmen have offered a reward for the detection of the criminals.

## Suicide Rather than Testify.

BOSTON, June 18.—Agnes E. Hall, wife of Jackson E. Hall, committed suicide this morning at her home, 50 Fayette street, by taking prussic acid. Her friend, Emma White, had been arrested on a charge of larceny, and Mrs. Hall was summoned as one of the chief witnesses against her in the Municipal Court this morning. Late last night Mrs. Hall paid a visit to the jail, and had a talk with the friend, in which she earnestly expressed her regard for her, and the great reluctance and horror she felt at being called to say a word against her. On her return home, Mrs. Hall determined that she would end her own life rather than appear against her friend.

A young woman in France was recently condemned to death for causing the death of her step-daughter, a child of eight years, for compelling her to take sixteen pins, two needles, and some pieces of wood in her soup. She died in great torture.

## A MOTHER'S MANIA.

Strange Story of a Woman Whose Maternal Feelings Were Marred by Attending an Exhibition of a Monster, Prior to the Birth of her Children, With the Effect of Inspiring her With an Unconquerable and Murderous Aversion Towards her Own Offspring.

One of the most curious cases which has ever been recorded has come under the notice of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. On Tuesday night, 17th, a woman who gave her name as Maria Dolan, and her late residence as 42 Cherry street, went to the Oak street Police Station accompanied by her three children, Mary and Joseph, twins, twenty-three months old, and an infant named Kate, aged five months. She was neatly dressed, and the garments the children wore were cleanly, of good material, and well made. The woman asked Captain Petty for lodgings, stating that she had been deserted by her husband and was left in a destitute condition. She asked that her children might be sent to some institution, as without them she declared she could earn her own living. The woman attracted the captain's attention. She spoke with an air of refinement that ill-comported with her request for lodgings in the station. She showed no marks of dissipation or depravity, and her children were

REMARKABLY PRETTY AND ATTRACTIVE.

The captain at once sent an officer to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, and Officer Chiardi began an investigation. He found the apartments where the woman had last resided tastefully and neatly furnished, and learned that the woman had lived to all outward appearances peacefully with her husband. It appears also that the latter had been seen with his wife the day before she had applied at the police station for lodging. The officer then questioned the woman closely as to the alleged abandonment. She declared emphatically that her husband had left her without means of support of any kind, that she had no friends to assist her, and urged the officer to take charge of the children. The case puzzled the officer, and he suggested that the nursing child, at least, would be better in its mother's care, and would be only little hindrance to her efforts to get employment. She insisted on giving up the children, however, and finally he had them sent to the Foundling Asylum. He determined, however, to keep track of the mother. He discovered that after the little ones had been taken from her care, she met a man as if by appointment. This person, Officer Chiardi found out, was the woman's husband, Thomas Dolan. They appeared to be on the very best of terms, and

WENT TOGETHER TO THEIR APARTMENTS.

On the following night the woman again went to a police station for aid, and on the following day she was taken before Justice Flammer, at the Tombs. Warden Finn sent for Officer Chiardi, who upon questioning her, ascertained that about two years ago, while living at 412 West Sixteenth street, the woman had applied to one of the justices sitting at Jefferson Market court to have her two infant children sent to an asylum, alleging, as on the present occasion, that her husband had deserted her. She made the same plea that they interfered with her efforts at earning a living and moved with compassion at her apparently unfortunate condition, the judge complied with her request. Further investigation also revealed that two years previously she made a similar statement concerning her daughter Lizzie, seven years of age, and her son William, ten years of age, adding that they were wayward and disobedient, beyond her control, and interfering with her efforts at making a livelihood. It appeared also that the woman's husband had not abandoned her, but that she had taken this course for the purpose of getting rid of the trouble and annoyance of having children around. When questioned concerning the matter Mrs. Dolan said she disliked children and had a very

BITTER ANIMOSITY TOWARDS THEM.

She feared, she said, if they remained in her charge she would be tempted to do them violence, and she did not want to have the crime of murder on her soul. When the infants nursed her breast, she could barely resist an almost uncontrollable desire to choke them, and on several occasions she had put her babes down and left the room to prevent herself from injuring them. She never had, she said, since four months previous to the birth of William, her first born, any feelings of love, or even friendship, towards children. "The revulsion," she explained, came about in this way: I was living in Philadelphia, where my husband was doing a good business, and as he hoped to soon become a fond parent, he was very kind to me, and invited me to go to an exhibition with him and spend a pleasant evening. I complied, but had no idea of what I should see. It happened that the two-headed, two-armed and two-legged child was on exhibition. It was black, and to me, nauseating. Yet it possessed a peculiar kind of fascination.

THE ATTRACTION OF A LOATHSOME OBJECT.

Wherever I wandered around that museum I saw that monstrosity. My husband wanted me to go and look at other sights. I preferred to remain, and fixed my eyes in hatred on that, to me, hideous sight. I could hardly be persuaded to leave the place. I dreamed all night of these ugly faces and their unnatural shape. When my husband left home on the following day for his employment, I went to the place and watched the movements of the ugly double-child. It was in my mind continually, sleeping and waking. Then I began to hate all children, and after my first child was born desired to get rid of it. My husband came to entertain the same feeling, and I think it is better they should be away from us. They are well taken care of, and if I have any more I shall want them taken away, too."

In answer to the question whether any deformity or malformation had been discovered about the children, Officer Chiardi said, on the contrary, they were exceedingly well-formed and fine appearing. The case was a peculiar one. The parents made it a business to get rid of their children as fast as they were born and certainly showed great lack of natural feeling. The justice accepted the woman's statement of having no occupation, and sent her to Blackwell's Island for thirty days.



### A Vessel Robbed by Masked River Pirates.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The schooner *Amelia*, Captain Dowdell, was recently loading at Watson's stores, Brooklyn. At midnight on June 12 she was anchored on Riker's Flats, on her way to Bridgeport. A dense fog obscured the surroundings. Captain Dowdell was asleep on deck. The crew of three men were below. The captain was awakened by a hand clutching his throat, and found five masked men armed with revolvers standing over him. He grappled his assailant and the two rolled on the deck together. Three of the thieves descended into the cabin, while the fourth came to the assistance of his comrade. He struck the captain on the forehead with his revolver butt. Stunned by the blow and blinded by blood, the captain was thrown into the cabin, which the other three thieves were systematically rifling, keeping the crew in subjection with their revolvers. They appropriated the captain's coat and waistcoat, in the pockets of which was \$13.50. They removed the compass from the binnacle and made a bundle of it and the schooner's colors and all the clothing they could lay hands on. When they left the cabin they bolted the companion hatch after them and coolly proceeded to exchange their garments for the stolen ones on deck.

Captain Dowdell, having recovered consciousness, armed himself and men with hatchets and knives and began to break out of the cabin. The noise alarmed the thieves and they decamped, leaving the colors and compass behind. They got into the boat from which they had boarded the *Amelia* over the port bow and rowed off to Riker's Island. The robbery is believed to have been a prearranged affair, as Captain Dowdell is in the habit of carrying considerable sums of money, and the thieves mentioned the name of the schooner several times, as if familiar with it. They are thought, from their descriptions, to be part of a gang which makes Riker's Island and the upper part of Astoria its haunts and has committed numerous depredations in that neighborhood.

### Meeting Death Coolly.

COVENTRY, Conn., June 19.—Mr. Nathaniel Root, one of the oldest men in this place, his age being ninety-four, died under very peculiar circumstances recently. He had been in excellent health for one of his years. He got up on the morning of the day he died and prepared to go into the field at work, when a neighbor came in, to whom he said: "I'm

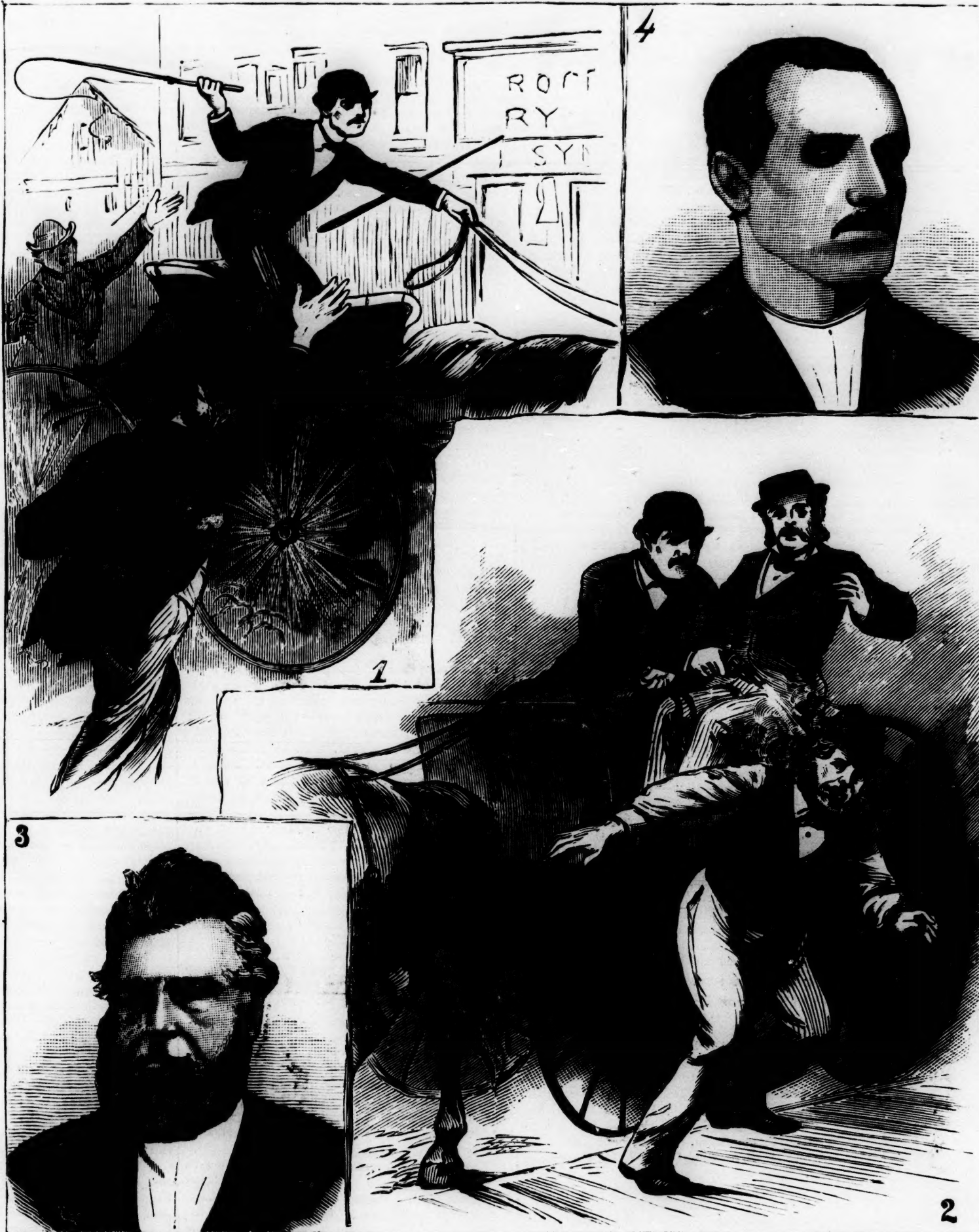
expecting to die to-day!" The remark was so coolly uttered that the neighbor thought very little of it.

Mr. Root worked all the forenoon in a lot, appearing went, and went into the house at noontime with his hired man. After dinner, and just as soon as he had risen from the table, he started for another room, showing no signs of illness, and as he went out said, "I'll go and lie

and dressed myself, and my husband and I walked him down-stairs until we met Officer Crowley."

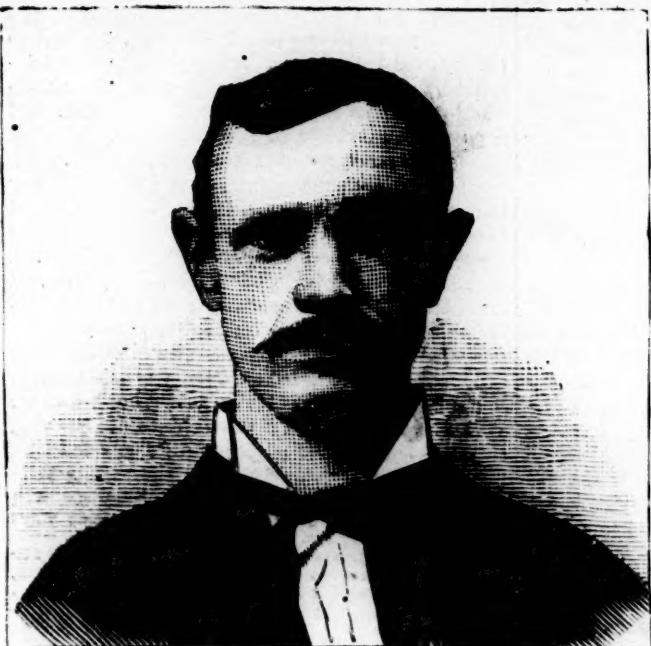
### Fugitive Murderer Arrested.

DECATUR, Ill., June 19.—Last night J. C. Wilson was arrested at the house of Mr. Lebo, in Harriestown, where he was employed as a farm-hand, on a charge of having murdered Benj. Ball, in Harvey county, Kansas, some time last winter. He was arrested and lodged in jail in Kansas at the time of the murder, but broken jail and fled to this county. Five hundred dollars reward was offered for his arrest.



THE MURDER OF SAMUEL BUCHER, CITY MARSHAL OF WESTPORT, MO.—SEE PAGE 11.

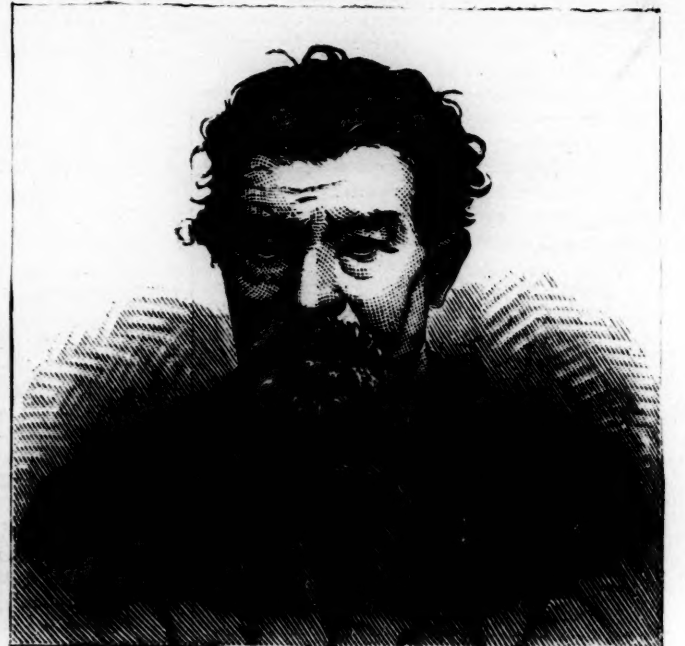
1—Gossard wounded by the Marshal in an attempt to arrest him for reckless driving. 2—Gossard's revenge for the injury. He calls the Marshal from his bed and shoots him down at his own door. 3—Marshal Samuel Bucher. 4—William M. Gossard, the murderer.



MELVIN YORK, ALIAS LORD, A MILITARY "CROOK" AND DESERTER FROM THE 7TH REGULAR INFANTRY; FORT SHAW, M. T.



PRINCE LOUIS NAPOLEON, OF FRANCE, MURDERED BY ZULU SAVAGES IN SOUTH AFRICA.



PATRICK CAVANAUGH, A CHICAGO FIEND, PERPETRATOR OF A HIDEOUS OUTRAGE UPON AN IMBECILE GIRL.

down and die now!" No one supposed he was serious, but on going to his room half an hour later he was found to be stone dead.

### A Woman's Struggle with a Burglar.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Jeremiah Daylor, an athletic slim, wiry, nervous, cool, and self-possessed man, who leaped forty feet from a tenement house, in escaping arrest, was before Justice Flammer in the Tombs police court on the 19th, to answer a charge of burglary. Mrs. Helena Alexander, of 72½ Mulberry st., a pleasant-faced matron, said: "At three o'clock this morning I was awakened by hearing a rasping sound coming from the floor above me. I listened and listened, and satisfied myself that it was neither rats nor cats on the roof. I did not care to awaken my husband, Peter Alexander, for I did not know what the noise came from. I concluded, however, to find out for myself what the matter was, so I got out of bed and, lighting a candle, I went up-stairs. I went to the floor above, and ascended to the garret. Just as I entered the vacant room the scuttle crashed down, and at the same moment the prisoner fell at my feet.

"I wasn't scared a bit, judge," Mrs. Alexander continued. "I put down my candle, and as the prisoner rose to his feet and confronted me, I caught hold of him. He tried to trip me, your Honor, but he couldn't do it. I got my hand into his hair, and I held him. I called out 'Murder! Help! Police!' but no assistance came. The man threatened to shoot me, and tore my night dress. He then struck me on head and face, and as the blood flowed from my nose he managed to get away. I followed him into the room below, and there I caught hold of him. He again fought me, and tried to strangle me, but I held on to him until my husband came up to my assistance. Then he surrendered. I went down-stairs, washed my face



## MYSTERIOUS MIDNIGHT OUTRAGE.

## Two Young Ladies Assaulted and Horribly Mutilated while Asleep.

SAN FRANCISCO, June 13.—The details of the recent brutal assault on two young ladies, Miss Cora Hezlep and Miss Ida Dunn, residing at the house of William B. Roddan, at Wheatland, Cal., have been elicited, as follows: Both the girls are still living, but in a very critical condition. Miss Hezlep has periods of consciousness, of very brief duration, but her physicians do not permit any conversation with her, and so far she has not alluded to the terrible affair. Miss Dunn seldom speaks, and has not alluded to the assault. Both exhibit signs of fear at times and throw up their hands as if to ward off blows. Their physicians are hopeful that both will live if kept perfectly quiet. No definite clue to their assailant. A number of

## PARTIES ARE UNDER SUSPICION.

The father of Ida has strong suspicions of two different men, who had kept company with his daughter, both of whom she had recently repelled—one because he had taken her to a ball and became so intoxicated that he could not attend to her at supper, and was too drunk to drive her home. She drove the team home, taking her drunken lover along, and on the road she reprimanded him sharply, and discarded him forever. This lover, who has always borne a good reputation, and was a farm hand in the vicinity of the Roddan ranch, left home at or before daylight on the morning following the terrible assault, ostensibly for a hunt; that he passed through Smartsville the same day, and has not been seen or heard from since. It is further reported that a friend of his accompanied him, who returned next day, and said he had been out to hunt for his friend, but could not find him. The father of Miss Dunn says that the remark was made by a rejected lover of Ida that he would

## ACCOMPLISH HER RUIN IF IT COST HIM HIS LIFE.

The following particulars of the assault have been obtained: About nine o'clock Monday night the two girls (Ida Dunn and Cora Hezlep) retired to their rooms, sleeping together in a three-quarter bed. Miss Dunn usually sleeps alone. The doors of the farmhouse are unlocked, and for some time past there has been no watch dog about the place. The girls lay with their heads to the wall of the house, Ida on the outside, Cora on the inner side of the bed. Their lamp was upon the table and extinguished, as is believed. About eleven P. M. Mrs. Roddan heard a groan. She arose, passed into the parlor, and thence to the door of the girls' room. She saw the lamp lighted on the floor at the foot of the bed, and at a glance saw Ida was missing and Cora was wounded in the head. She called her husband, who, as he arose, saw through the window at his bedside a man in a stooping posture, some ten feet from the house, peering toward the window of the girl's room. He went at once to the doorway, and his barefeet stepped into

## A POOL OF WARM BLOOD ON THE FLOOR.

A glance showed him some terrible crime had been committed. He returned to his bedroom for his gun, followed by his wife. Mrs. R. suggested that he watch behind to protect her and she would run to the homestead and alarm John and the men. They passed into the dining-room and out upon the porch, and Roddan covered the path of his wife with the gun to shoot any who should attempt to stop her while she ran to the homestead.

The horror of the moment up to this time had shaken both Roddan and his wife terribly; but when he saw her safe at the homestead he recovered, and entered upon a search of the premises. He cocked his gun again and stepped off of the porch easterly, went northerly along the house wall, and thence westerly along the front of the house watching in the darkness as closely as possible and moving as noiselessly as he could. He saw no signs of any person thus far, but when he turned southward, along the wall of the house on the west he saw, some fifteen feet away and about ten feet from the house, a white object. He approached, and found it was Ida, lying upon her



FAVORITES OF THE FOOTLIGHTS.—M'LE BEAUMAND, OF THE "VARIETIES," PARIS.—SEE PAGE 2.

back on the ground, with her face covered with blood and her night clothing

## DRAWN UP UNDER HER ARMS.

Terrified beyond measure he simply touched her feet, and finding them cold, believed her dead, and ran back to the house, entering by the front door. An instant later the men from the homestead arrived, and Ida was carried into the house and laid upon Mrs. Roddan's bed.

The two girls were found to be unconscious, not dead. Cora rallied once and asked what was the matter with her head, but soon relapsed again. Investigation showed that the girls must have lain close to each other in bed; that both by one blow had been struck across their foreheads with a heavy iron bar some two feet in length, two and a half inches broad, pointed at one end and flanged by hammer blows on the other. The bar lay upon the floor at the side of the bed. The upper third of it was covered with blood. The blow by this murderous weapon crushed the skull of Ida, and the end of the bar struck Cora upon the right side of the forehead. One blow only was given, evidently. The fiendish assassin then with some sharp pointed weapon, stabbed Ida upon the right side of the neck, and Cora upon the right temple. He then, with a sharp instrument, cut three longitudinal slashes upon the right side of the forehead of Ida, as if out of pure malignity, and

## WITH THE INTENTION OF DISFIGURING HER.

He must then have taken Ida out of bed, carried her through the doorway, possibly pausing there, as a pool of blood was there found, and then have borne his hapless victim to the front door and across the porch, her dripping blood marking there his path way, and thence down the three steps to the ground and around to the side of the house. At this time it is probable the groans of Cora alarmed him, and he dropped his burden and fled.

The iron bar was recognized by a well-to-do and thoroughly respectable thresher named Steineman, who says it was one he cast away some months ago as useless. Its original use was for staking down the framework of a horse power. Several of these pins are used by threshers for that purpose, and as they become battered from much driving with sledges, they are cast aside. This one may have been left at the blacksmith shop at the homestead, or Steineman says, it may have been cast away at his house a mile and over south from Roddan's. It was twenty inches long, three wide, three-fourths of an inch thick, and pointed at one end. The other end was battered and the edges turned, from much hammering. All agree that but one blow was given with an iron bar, on the end of which still cling silken hairs, torn from Cora's head by the iron, which was made into its present shape from the half oval tire of a freight wagon. It weighs fifteen pounds. On the door frames of the front door are bloody marks, where the wretch stood himself.

## AS HE DROVE THE BODY OF IDA OUT.

There were no marks on Ida's person to show that she had been dragged on the ground; hence, it must have been a strong man to have carried her bodily to where she lay on the cobbles and coarse gravel in the lot.

Cora Hezlep is sister to Mrs. Roddan, and aged about eighteen. She is thin of person, very retiring and modest, beloved by all, and is not known to have had any trouble with any person, nor had she favored or met with disfavor the attentions of any man. She treated all courteously, and had no close relations with any. She had been absent from the house on a visit about a week, and returned from Wheatland with Mr. Roddan at twilight on Monday night. Her return was unexpected, and probably was not known, outside the house, to any one in that section. Ida Dunn is a prepossessing, well-favored and attractive girl of modest demeanor, with no enemies, no favorites among men, aged about nineteen and worked in the Roddan family. Her parents reside in Wheatland.



CAPTAIN DOWDELL MURDEROUSLY ASSAULTED BY MASKED RIVER PIRATES, IN THE CABIN OF HIS VESSEL, THE SCHOONER AMELIA, WHICH THE THIEVES WERE ENGAGED IN PLUNDERING, WHILE AT ANCHOR, AT RIKER'S FLATS, N. Y.—SEE PAGE 4.



## THE HULL MYSTERY SOLVED

Not Through the Efficiency of New York Police, However, But Partly Due to Accident and Largely to the Efforts of

A BRIGHT NEWSPAPER MAN.

The Chain of Circumstances Which Entangled the Negro Assassin, Led to his Detection by the Journalist, and Finally

WRUNG A CONFESSION FROM HIM.

[With Illustrations and Portraits.]

On Monday night, 23rd inst., a mulatto man, against whom suspicion had for some time been directed as being implicated in the Hull murder, was arrested in Boston, and, after at first stubbornly denying any connection with the tragedy, finally confessed to the murder. He gave his name as Chastine Cox, and on being confronted with overwhelming evidence of his guilt, gave, in full his story, of the crime. The circumstances which led to his arrest were as follows:

On Monday of last week a colored man went into the pawnbroker's shop at Merrimac and Market streets, kept by Hannah Sternburg, and offered for pawn a set of cameo jewelry, saying that it belonged to his sister, who lived at 16 Phillips street, in Boston, who was sick. After considerable discussion about the amount of the loan the sum of \$6 was advanced. While in the store the negro pulled out a watch, and the broker offered to purchase or take this in pawn, which offer the negro declined, saying that it was his sister's, and that he did not wish to part with it. Mr. Sternburg, with whom he did the business, took the watch in his hand and noticed particularly that there were several initials on it, but this being previous to the circulation of the notices to pawnbrokers from Superintendent Walling, his memory was

NOT ESPECIALLY CHARGED WITH IT.

After the examination of a revolver which the mulatto said he would come and purchase on the morrow, he departed.

The next day Mr. William Leggett, assistant superintendent of the pawnbroker, received the circulars from Superintendent Walling, and at once began the distribution of them. When he came to Sternburg's place, Mr. Sternburg said, "Why, I have got a set of jewelry answering that description, but it has no pink center." The circular had improperly described it. Mr. Leggett examined the jewelry, and, remarking that this might be the advertised articles, ordered Sternburg to lay it aside for further investigation. Sternburg was able to give a very accurate description of the man who had visited him. On his return from Sternburg's, Mr. Leggett met Officer Woods, who casually asked him if there was anything new, and Leggett mentioned the pawning of the jewelry. Officer Woods at once replied that that was Mrs. Hull's jewelry. Mr. Leggett was incredulous, for the circular received by him gave no hint as to

WHOM THE PROPERTY BELONGED TO.

On comparison of the documents with those sent by New York detectives to Mr. Woods, however, Mr. Leggett became convinced, and a return was made to the pawnbroker's. Here Mr. Woods produced the description of the watch, made by H. Begun, and inscribed "Mrs. J. D. E. F. H., Christmas, 1878," and at once Sternburg exclaimed, "That is the very watch he had on here!"

On a conference with Superintendent of Police Adams, Mr. Woods was detailed in charge of the case, with Detectives Gerraughty and Harding also at work. A search was made for the fellow, and a dispatch sent to Superintendent Walling, who at once dispatched thither Detective Schmittberger, who on his arrival there assisted in the search for the criminal.

On Saturday morning, 21st, Mrs. Coleman and Mrs. Sayles, friends of Mrs. Hull, went to Boston and immediately identified the cameo set as that belonging to the murdered woman. They returned at once to New York, while Mr. Carroll Coleman, who accompanied them, remained in the hope that he or the detective might recognize the fugitive. Private Detective S. I. Otto was also sent on to aid in the work, and all three of the gentlemen remained in the city. Every place possible to think of was visited night and day. Every train and other conveyance was carefully watched, in the hope

TO GET SOME CLUE TO THE FELLOW.

This proved all to no purpose until the 23rd, no trace of him being discovered in any locality.

On that day W. B. Balch, a newspaper man, who had learned some details of the story about the probability of the presence of the murderer in Boston, and of the fact that some of the missing jewelry belonging to Mrs. Hull had been identified, met Detective James R. Wood, and said, "Wood, I've got the details of the full story, and I'm going to publish them." Wood feigned not to understand him at first, but Balch proceeded to relate such facts as had come to his knowledge, when Wood, seeing that the information was correct, and, fearing that the publication of the same would interfere with the work he had in hand, weakened, and, upon Balch's promising not to publish the matter until the arrest had been made, gave him all the details of the case and a description of the suspected murderer. Sternburg, at whose shop Cox had pawned the cameo set, was with Wood at the time, and at Balch's request gave him every possible detail of the personal appearance of the negro, describing peculiarities of his dress, voice and features. Mr. Balch, who is an intelligent, quick-witted and observing gentleman, said he could pick the man out from among ten thousand if he should see him. Mr. Balch kept faith with Wood and did not publish any of the facts in his possession. About eight o'clock on the evening of the 23rd Mr. Balch was walking along Shawmut avenue, when he saw two negroes in conversation, one of whom immediately arrested his attention as answering closely to the description given by Sternburg and Wood of

THE SUSPECTED MURDERER.

He overheard them talking about New York as he passed them on the sidewalk, and, after going a few paces beyond them, retraced his steps, and accosted them, asking if either of them would kindly inform him the nearest way to Bunker Hill street, a street nearly two miles from where they were standing. Cox immediately answered, saying, "I am a stranger here, sir, and cannot tell you."

"A stranger, eh?" said Balch. "Where do you hail from?"

"I am from New York," replied the negro.

The tone of the voice, added to the certainty of the conviction in Balch's mind that the man so long sought for by the police of two cities was before him, and walking away a short distance, he, unobserved by Cox, shadowed him as he walked up the avenue.

The Ebenezer Baptist Church, at Shawmut avenue and Concord street, was reached, and this the negro and his companion entered. Here a large congregation of colored people, listening to a discourse on the

"HORRORS OF HELL."

To this appropriate discourse, which was being delivered by a negro preacher from Texas, the reporter left him listening while he hurried off for the purpose of securing the arrest of the man whom he believed knew all about the Hull murder. Balch immediately dispatched a messenger to Detective Wood's house, saying, "Come to the corner of Concord street and Shawmut avenue; I think I've your man."

Failing to get a reply as soon as he thought he ought to, Balch dispatched another messenger to Captain Adams, who arrived on the ground first, and upon Balch's telling his story, the sergeant sent to Station Five near by, five officers, who arrived at the spot about the same time that Detective Wood appeared. Wood went into the church, saw his man sitting there, and calling the sexton to him, asking him to go in and hurriedly ask Cox to step to the door to see a gentleman who wished to speak with him. Cox came out promptly, and Wood hurriedly said, "I'm an officer, and I want you. It may be that we've made a mistake in the man, and, if we have, the matter will soon be righted, and you will be used well, anyway."

Cox offered no resistance. He did not ask what he was wanted for, and, with Officer Mitchell hold of one arm and Detective Wood the other, walked quietly to Station Five, where he gave his name as Chastine Cox. When he arrived inside the station, Detective Wood proceeded to search him, and the first article taken was the watch, which was opened. But a picture was pasted over the number. Balch then took the watch, and, tearing off the picture, found the number, which was the one furnished as that of the watch belonging to Mrs. Hull, and sufficiently identified the property. Wood then said,

"WHERE'S THE REST OF THE HULL JEWELRY?"

Cox looked up thoroughly astonished, and at once weakened, and related first the pawning of the cameo jewelry, as already described. He then said that he went to New York the next day, which was Tuesday, 17th, and there got a girl to pawn one of the rings. He returned to Boston on the following Thursday, and on Friday pawned another one of the rings. He could not remember the locality, but said he could go to both places with the officers.

He was urged to tell the story of the murder, Balch remarking:

"I don't suppose you intended to murder Mrs. Hull?"

"No," he replied, "I don't know what made me do it. I suppose the devil must have taken hold of me."

"Well, how did you get in?"

"I went there just before twelve o'clock. I knew the house. I had worked for Mrs. Hull, washing windows, taking care of the furnace and carrying coal up-stairs for \$3 a week. I worked permanently across the street. I know the cook slightly. I did not know the people up-stairs. I did not know Mr. Coleman, but I knew a German who lived on the third floor and for whom I carried coal. Well, I went to the house and

TRIED TO GET IN AT THE FRONT DOOR.

I had a key belonging to my other house which I thought would fit, but it would not, so I opened a window that was not bolted and stepped in. I bolted the window after me, and then listened. I could hear Mrs. Hull snoring. She snored very loud. I went up to her room and entered it, lighting a candle I had in my pocket. I saw she was fast asleep on her back, and commenced ransacking the room. She cried out, 'Who is there?' I answered, 'The Doctor.' She put her hand up to feel my face, but I drew back so she could not reach it. This was before I tied her hands. As she wanted to holler I held my hand over her mouth. I did not kneel on her, but just bent the weight of my body over her

SO AS TO HOLD HER DOWN.

Then I pulled the rings off and got her jewelry. I thought she had fainted, so I poured some cologne over her face, thinking to bring her to, but I could not feel her breathing.

"I felt her legs to see if there was any life, but I could not feel any. This scared me, so I lit a match to see my way out and the cologne took fire. This I put out by my hand, striking it down over her mouth. Then I got some water and poured it over her, but this did not revive her and I was more scared, so I ran away, getting out by the same window through which I entered. I went right home, to 166 West Thirty-sixth street, and

WENT ON THE NEXT DAY TO BOSTON.

I am going on thirty-two years of age. I was born in Powhatan county, Virginia. I have lived all over the country. Never went abroad. I can understand a little German."

A question was asked him in that language, and the answer was ample proof of his assertion; at least, Cox understood what was said.

"I have served as a servant," he said, "but of late I have been putting down carpets."

This explains the addresses in the bank book.

"After spending a couple of days in Boston," he continued, "I went back to New York and then came on here again Thursday. I was going to Providence to look for work. While I lived here I stayed with Mrs. Diggs, 12 Grove street. I never was arrested before."

"No, I should not have used my revolver if there had been only one of you," he replied to a question.

He asked what was said in New York about it, and was told, after which he said

HE DID NOT MEAN ANY HARM.

Cox is a mulatto, with the appearance of having Indian blood in his veins. He is five feet nine inches in height, weighs 165 pounds, has an abundance of glossy, curly hair and a heavy mustache with Burnside whiskers, is gentlemanly in appearance and manner, cool, self-possessed and dignified. He told his story with a good deal of nonchalance, but his effort to keep up the appearance of indifference failed him several times.

Mr. Balch, the man who really captured Cox, is the same who, three years ago, followed the Rev. E. D. Winslow from Holland to London and had him arrested there on a charge of forgery and defrauding his creditors in Boston. He had been working on the case during the afternoon and had learned that the detectives were out of the city a good deal searching for the man, especially along the seashore. It had been ascertained that he had applied for a position as a waiter in a summer hotel not far from Boston. Nantasket, Revere, Scituate, Donner Landing, and other beaches along the harbor had been visited. Mr. Balch carefully read a description of him and after tea sauntered up Shawmut avenue. Then followed, as detailed above, the capture of the murderer, the credit of which is mainly

DUE TO THE SHREWD JOURNALIST.

In further conversation, on the day after his arrest, Cox stated that while he was in the employ of a family named McKune, residing at 233 West Forty-second street, he first met Mrs. Hull, who came to make arrangements for obtaining board for her lodgers. Some time after that he got a job to clean her sidewalk, and was afterwards employed by her to carry coal. This was two years ago.

About eight weeks since he went to Mrs. Hull's residence for the purpose of getting work. He called at the basement door and was met there by the colored woman cook, whom he had seen quite frequently when he worked for Mrs. McKune. The cook said, "How d'ye?" when he stated that he called to see "Madame," as he designated Mrs. Hull. He was told that she was out, and left the house, giving the cook a slip of paper containing his address, "Chastine Cox, 166 West Thirty-sixth street" at the same time stating that if "Madame" wished to see him she could find him at the place indicated. Two weeks later, about the same interval before the murder, he again called at the house and was let in by the cook, whose name he understands to be Francis. He went into the kitchen, sat down and conversed with the cook and another domestic. The latter asked him if he would go out and buy a loaf of bread, having previously told him that the "Madame," for whom he had inquired, was out. He consented to go after the bread, and on his way passed Mrs. Hull on the corner of Forty-second street and Broadway, she having left the St. Cloud Hotel at that location. He says the "Madame" did not see him. On returning to the kitchen with the bread the "Madame" was apprised of his call, and she sent word she would see him after she had got through with her dinner. He waited some time and finally ascended to the dining-room, upon Mrs. Hull sending for him.

He said that as he entered the dining-room Mrs. Hull exclaimed, "Is that you, John? John, what's the matter with you? You don't look like what you used to." In answer to Mrs. Hull's remarks Cox told her that he had been laying carpets and didn't look as neat as he should. She then told him that she wished him to clean some carpets for her, and told him always to come to the front door and not go down stairs, as the girls made so much talk. In regard to this Nancy Francis said, sarcastically, to him, "Oh, so you're

"A FRONT DOOR NIGGER."

All this narrative was given with great precision and in a very pleasant tone of voice. He talked freely of the murder, and asserted several times that he had no intention of doing her bodily harm. He was asked to describe more in detail and more connectedly his actions on the night of the murder. He did so readily, but using a great deal of caution, and evidently endeavoring to make his statement complete and truthful, so far as his recollection could be depended on. He said he had been hard at work on the 10th, the day of the murder, and lay down about one o'clock in his room, at 166 West Thirty-sixth street, and fell asleep. He awoke about ten o'clock in the evening, got up and started for a walk. He says he left the house without anybody knowing of his departure, and walked across Sixth avenue and Broadway to Fifth avenue, where he stopped to look at a dray horse that had fallen down. He then passed down to the corner of Lexington avenue and Twenty-sixth street, then walked up Thirty-ninth street to Sixth avenue and back again by the St. Cloud Hotel, on Forty-second street. He then visited the park near by, and got there as the clock on the corner of Fifth avenue and Thirty-seventh street struck the hour of midnight. He says that he then started down Forty-second street, passing the St. Cloud again, and by Acker, Merrill & Condit's store and returned again to the park. After staying here a short time he started again down Forty-second street, passing down by Mrs. Hull's house. He then passed on to the steps of the St. Cloud, and then strolled leisurely and aimlessly on to the porch

AT THE ENTRANCE OF MRS. HULL'S HOUSE.

It was while thus standing that Mrs. Hull's jewelry came into his mind, and the thought of getting possession of the same, for the first time suggested itself. He says that previous to this time the thought of robbery never entered his mind, and he cannot now

account for it, except that the devil was at his side. While standing on the stoop meditating what he should do, he recollected that he had found a key some time previously, which he then had in his pocket and which he thought might open the front door. He tried the key, and finding it did not work, threw it away. Disappointed, he was about to leave the premises. Taking a last survey, he suddenly observed that the front parlor window was slightly open, the precaution of fastening it having been neglected by the occupants of the house.

He immediately stepped from the porch to the window-sill, and found the lower part of the window in question open about one-half inch. He raised the sash and entered the parlor, shutting and bolting the window after him. The room was very dark, and it was with the greatest difficulty that he could

GOPE HIS WAY ABOUT WITHOUT NOISE.

But after spending ten or fifteen minutes in this way he came upon the folding doors, which he knew separated the parlor from the dining-room. These he cautiously and slightly opened, and could hear some one snoring, whom he believed must be Mrs. Hull. Pushing the door cautiously open a little further he made a slight noise which partially roused the sleeper, and the sounds of snoring ceased, when Cox slipped into the hallway to await the developments. Soon the regularity of the sleeper's breathing was restored and he retraced his steps through the folding doors into the dining-room.

He then lighted a match, holding it cautiously between the thumb and finger of the right hand, the back of which was held in such a manner before his face as to entirely screen his features from observation, while the rays of light were projected forward and into the apartment. During the brief moment the match burned he saw a dress and other articles of clothing, which he knew to be Mrs. Hull's. He then went across the dining-room toward the glazed door of the chamber from which he had heard the snoring, and in which he was

QUITE SURE MRS. HULL WAS SLEEPING.

A gentle pressure assured him that this door was not locked, or even latched, and it slowly opened under his cautious touch until he could see the interior of the chamber. He waited for a little while to make sure that Mrs. Hull was asleep and then lighted a match as before, throwing its reflection through the crack into the sleeping apartment, and holding it so that he could not be recognized if his victim should awaken suddenly.

Slowly the reflection of the light was thrown in the chamber. His next thought was that it would awaken the woman, who was lying on her back with a sheet and white spread over her. Immediately putting the match out and opening the door he sprang into the room. He jumped on top of his victim and says that he placed his knees on her elbows. She awakened in a dazed and startled manner and asked, "Who's that?" at the same time projecting one of her hands from under the bed-clothes and raising it up to his face. He replied that it was the doctor.

But the unhappy woman soon realized the danger she was in, for she attempted to scream, when her assailant stifled her cries with his hands. Then came the last

DESPERATE PLEADING FOR LIFE.

"Take anything in the room, but don't kill me," urged Mrs. Hull.

"I don't want to kill you," Cox replied, and she fainted away. This was after a convulsive struggle to free herself from his grasp. He got the corner of the sheet into her mouth and taking a portion of it in his teeth he tore it into strips and proceeded deliberately to bind her as her body was subsequently discovered. His object in tying her to the bed was because he thought that she might manage to roll off onto the floor and thereby make a noise which would arouse some of the inmates of the house.

He says that he had no idea that he was exercising violence sufficient to cause her death, or that even serious results would follow the affair. Chastine says that at this juncture he did not have the least idea that the woman was going to die. After tying her feet, he says, he lighted a piece of candle which he happened to have in his pocket, and which he had bought some time previous in pursuit of his honest occupation. He returned to the dining-room, where he got possession of the watch, and subsequently got the rest of the jewelry in the bureau drawers and in the bed chamber. He then returned to the chamber, and finding Mrs. Hull breathing hard, he became frightened, and taking up a bottle of cologne

POURED THE CONTENTS OVER HER FACE.

She continued to breathe hard, and he dashed a pitcher of water that stood by over her body. When he was searching for the jewelry he went through the trunk of his victim, and, after pouring the water over her, hastily fled by the front door, which he left open after him. He says that he did not outrage the poor woman, and further, that such a thought never entered his mind.

"But," said one of his audience, "it is stated that medical gentlemen have proven that an outrage was perpetrated."

"Well, sir," he replied, "I know nothing about it. I ain't that kind of a feller and didn't go there for no such purpose." He continued, "I took the jewelry and got the watch out of the dining-room drawer. After I had got the stuff I went back to her and she seemed to be breathing long. I tried to revive her, and just as I went away I dashed a pitcher of water in her bosom. I came directly out and went home and went to bed. I went out the next day in search of work, but did not get much to do that day."

"The next morning I was riding on an Eighth avenue car, when the driver said:

"Did you hear what occurred up at Forty-second street?"

"I said, 'No; what was it?'"

"He said, 'Why, Mrs. Hull was murdered in her bed in the night.'"

"Is she dead?"

"He said, 'Yes.'"



"I didn't say much more. If the fellow had had any eyes he might have seen

#### THE COLOR IN MY FACE.

I felt the hot blood all over it. I went down town, passing the detective, that short man over there (pointing to Schmittberger, the New York officer), and getting my satchel at my room, came on to Boston. I went back again in a day or two and passed that officer again."

Cox said that when he went through Forty-second street he did not dare to look toward Mrs. Hull's house. He started for Boston on the Thursday following the murder, reaching there Friday morning. He returned to New York to get his things at his boarding house on the following Monday, and while on his way to his old lodgings he passed the New York detectives again. They did not suspect him, and he came back to Boston safe again on Friday, 20th, taking lodgings at the house of a Mrs. Diggs, in Grove street. He spent that Friday afternoon in looking about the city and visiting the Common. On Saturday he again visited the Common, and went to bed early. On Sunday he attended service at the Twelfth Baptist Church in Phillips street, and arose at half past five o'clock on Monday morning. He strolled over Cambridge bridge, and returned to the city early, wandering about the town the rest of the day.

On Friday, 20th, after his return to Boston, Cox, who has the superstition common to his race in regard to visions, had a peculiar dream which he regarded as the forewarning of his arrest. Until then he had felt himself entirely secure, but on that night he dreamed that one of his deceased brothers appeared to him with the evident endeavor to

#### WARN HIM OF SOME APPROACHING DANGER.

This was followed by the appearance of large crowds of strangers, in the midst of which were officers all gazing upon him with curiosity and horror. The dream so troubled him that he awoke greatly startled and was unable to sleep again. From that moment his belief in immortality forsook him, and he dreaded the moment of arrest until it came, although he still continued to search for work there, instead of fleeing from the city whose pawnbrokers held such evidences of his guilt. On the afternoon of the 24th Cox was photographed, a large crowd following him, going and coming.

In conversation with Special Officer Wood, Cox said: "I don't want my mother to know anything about this until after I am hung."

Mr. Wood—Perhaps you won't be hung. There may be a chance of your being sentenced to state prison for life.

Cox—I would rather be hung than to be shut up for life, and, when the time comes, send my things to mother.

While talking with Balch, the reporter who caused his arrest, and telling him about the murder, Cox's voice never failed him. He spoke deliberately, with well-chosen words, although he cannot read or write, and told of his great crime

#### AS THOUGH IT HAD BEEN A PLEASANT ANECDOTE.

It now appears that Chastine has been seen by many people in the streets, who were attracted by his peculiar appearance and gait, and he had even gained at the West End the sobriquet of the "dandy nigger."

All the garments of the murderer show that the man was careful in regard to his personal appearance, and that good taste was displayed in his dress.

While the officers were searching his effects a little memorandum book was taken up. A letter from his mother fell out. It was dated Richmond, Va., and was in a feeble hand, beginning, "My dear, darling boy."

Captain Williams arrived at half past four o'clock, and soon afterward Cox was taken from his cell and delivered to Williams, who ordered Detective Schmittberger to iron him. Cox said little, but the appearance of unconcern which he had worn ever since his arrest seemed to have forsaken him, and in its place had come a look of depression, as though he realized his crime and the danger in which he was. Yet he did not break down, and to the casual observer nothing unusual was noticeable in his appearance. He was taken at once to a carriage which was waiting at the door, and was driven to the Old Colony depot, where the party took cars for the steamer at Fall River.

On the way down, Schmittberger remarked to Williams, "Cox was somewhat afraid of you." Captain Williams asked, "Why, John, what made you afraid of me?" I have known you for two or three years, and this is the first time I have ever known you to do wrong." The prisoner replied, "Well, captain, I did not know you by sight until about three weeks ago, but I knew you well by name for a long time. In New York, captain, you have

#### "A HARD NAME FOR CLUBBING FOLKS."

Also for putting your hands on bigger and better men than me and bringing them along; so I knew that I wouldn't stand much of a chance with you."

At the depot the party was joined by Detective Harding and Officer Wood, of Boston, and Mr. Sternburg, the pawnbroker, who comes to this city to be present at the preliminary examination of Cox. The officers and their prisoner took an apartment in the parlor car, and at six o'clock the train moved away from the depot and from the throng that had been drawn thither.

Cox gives the following history of his previous life: He says he was born in a village in Powhatan county, Va. His father, Madison Cox, was a slave, and his mother, who had Indian blood in her, was also a slave, both being owned by a planter named Jack White. Chastine is one of eleven brothers, six of whom are living. The mother was his father's third wife, and the whole family was brought up on a plantation. There Chastine remained until the breaking out of the war, when he took advantage of the first opportunity that presented itself to follow the Union army. He was captured at King and Queen Court House, Va., in 1864, by the Confederates, who took him to Richmond, where he was confined in Libby

#### AS A RUNAWAY SLAVE.

Here he remained for two months. At the expiration of that time he was sent to the coal pits at Chesterfield, Va., where he tended the boxes, and was known as the "box boy." After a few months in the pits he went to the Huguenot Springs, in the same state, where he was employed in Confederate hospitals tending the sick, until Lee's surrender. He then went to Manchester, Va., and again joined the United States army. The troops having reached Petersburg, Cox deserted, subsequently attaching himself as cook to Company D, Twelfth Infantry, then with General Miles, guarding Jeff Davis at Fortress Monroe. From there he went to Washington, where he enlisted in the Fortieth Colored Infantry and served three years. In this time the regiment was stationed in Charleston, Newbern, Goldsboro and Castle Pinckney, opposite Fort Sumter, and at other points in the South. Cox says that, having finally been mustered out of service at Fort Jackson, below New Orleans, after staying in New Orleans for a week, he went to Charleston, S. C., where he found employment in the family of a cotton merchant named Frank Rogers. He remained there five months, sometimes acting as cook, at others as coachman. At the end of that time he went to Richmond, Va., where he found his mother, and with her went to live with his brother John. In 1873 he was employed as waiter in the Spotswood Hotel, and remained there

#### UNTIL THE HOTEL WAS DESTROYED BY FIRE.

Early in 1874 he came to New York and found lodgings at Eliza Price's, 280 Thompson street, where he remained until he found employment in Mr. Sheer's boarding house in Eighth street at \$15 a month. He next obtained a situation with a couple of ladies from Savannah, who lived in Thirtieth street; but they thought him too important a person for them to employ, and at the end of the month he returned to Mr. Sheer's, where he stayed for a couple of months. Mme. Mechio, a milliner, at 49 West Twenty-ninth street, became his next employer, but only for a short time, for he soon took service with a Mrs. Hathaway, who after a month's trial decided that a boy would better answer her purpose. He then went to Thompson Dean, a Wall street broker, living at Thirty-fourth street; worked with Mr. Dean two months, and then went to work for a woman in Forty-third street, whose name he cannot recollect. He lived with her three weeks, and then went to work for a German family in Forty-eighth street. He left the latter place after working three days, and went into the employ of a family named McKune, where he first met Mrs. Hull, as already alluded to.

At about three o'clock on the morning of the 24th a telegram was received stating that Cox had given part of the jewelry to Bella Johnson, a mulatto woman, his former mistress, at the Police Central Office from Boston, and before four o'clock Captain Byrnes and Detective Dorsey called at Howard's bar-room in Bleeker street, near Wooster. The rooms in the upper stories are

#### LET TO COLORED WOMEN BOARDERS.

The captain entered and was informed by the proprietress that Bella Johnson had just retired. The officer demanded to be shown to her room, which was on the second floor, back, and he was conducted thither, followed by the party who accompanied him.

A heavy rap upon the door brought no response, but the second was answered by the girl, who demanded to know who was there. The next instant a vigorous kick loosened the bolts and sent the door flying open. This summary entrance was adopted, because, if the girl had received the goods, knowing whence they came, her first thought would have been to dispose of them by throwing them out of the window or otherwise.

After entering the officers were shortly made aware that two persons were in the room, and that one of them was a man. They were in utter darkness. The gas being lighted revealed the fact that he was a negro, and that he was partially buried under a pile of bed-clothing, but

#### HE HAD AN EYE OUT FOR DEVELOPMENTS.

Detective Dorsey was ordered by Captain Byrnes to remove the fellow to another room. The negro, badly frightened, exclaimed, "I 'clar to de Lord, gemmen, dat ef ye lets me off dis time, dat I'll go home to Brooklyn, an' dat I nebba'll come to New York again, nebba, gemmen, nebba!"

The officers permitted him to go, and he lost no time in getting out of the house.

Then Captain Byrnes questioned the girl as to who had Mrs. Hull's necklace. She told all she knew with such frankness that it was evident she was ignorant of where the jewelry came from.

The detectives made a search in Bella's room and found in a box under the bed the topaz necklace which was stolen from Mrs. Hull. A further search resulted in the discovery of the solitaire diamond earrings, which upon investigation proved to be paste and of a very inferior character. Bella wore a ruby ring which was a part of

#### THE JEWELRY STOLEN FROM MRS. HULL.

There was still an emerald ring missing, and when questioned as to what disposition she had made of it, Bella said she had given it to Robert Taylor, a colored waiter and fancy boxer employed at "Gwney" Geoghegan's place on the Bowery.

Fortunately Detective Dorsey knew Taylor and where to find him, so while some of the party took Bella Johnson to the Fifteenth precinct station-house the others went to "Gwney" Geoghegan's place. Taylor was there, waiting at the tables, and Detective Dorsey, placing his hand upon his shoulder, said, "Where is that stone ring?" Taylor asked, confusedly, "What ring do you mean?" "The one Bella Johnson gave you," answered Dorsey, and then Taylor put his hand in a vest pocket and produced the desired ornament. He told the detectives that he did not know where Bella Johnson had obtained it, and then accompanied them to the Mercer street station-house where he

#### RECOGNIZED HIS PARTNER IN MISFEITING.

The two were then conducted to the Twenty-ninth precinct, where Captain Williams, who had ordered

his train and returned, put them through a brief examination, and they were locked up for the remainder of the night.

At about eleven o'clock the same day, Bella and Taylor were taken to the coroner's office and arraigned before Coroner Woltman. Bella Johnson is a good looking octaroon. She was neatly attired. Although she gave her age as twenty-three, she appeared only eighteen or nineteen. A number of young colored women sat beside her. She seemed to feel her position keenly and wept continuously. George Taylor is a true type of the negro. He is a powerful looking fellow and is said to be an expert boxer. Beside him sat a number of flashily-dressed colored men. He seemed to take matters philosophically, laughed and chatted all the time.

Coroner Woltman's examination was very brief, and at its termination he committed the prisoners

#### TO THE HOUSE OF DETENTION AS WITNESSES.

Taylor, at his own request, was permitted to remain at the central office with the expectation of procuring bondsmen in \$200, which the coroner agreed to take for his appearance. But the bail not being forthcoming he was remanded to the House of Detention. Taylor said, "I am innocent of any evil intention in this matter. Bella gave me the ring and I honestly thought it was brass. I consider it a shame to lock me up." He is not so much troubled at his arrest as a witness in this case as he is at the newspapers, some of which, he says, alluded to him, in describing a boxing match at a variety performance last spring as "Snow Drop."

Bella Johnson is intelligent in expression and polite and modest in bearing. She told her story as follows: "The first time I saw John Cox, as I knew him—he did not call himself Chastine—was when I was living with some friends at 477 Seventh avenue, less than a year ago, he called on me there several times. Last March he and I went to work in the house of Dr. John B. Rich, dentist, 12 East Twenty-second street. After he left there I went to live at 126 Bleeker street, where I was found by the officers. I saw him every now and then, but I don't remember anything especially worth telling, until after the murder.

#### "HE NEVER SPOKE OF THE MURDER TO ME."

I didn't hear anything of it for a long time. I can read, but he can't. A week or two ago he came to my house with a carpet-bag and carpet-stretcher. I can't fix the time by anything that I can remember. I think it was before the Hull inquest began, but I am not sure. He then gave me a necklace, a pair of diamond earrings, and two finger-rings. He said he had bought them at a great bargain of a pawnbroker in Eighth avenue. I did not believe then that the stones in the rings and necklace were genuine. It was some days afterward that he came to see me again, and then he gave me a ring with five diamonds in it; not for myself, but to keep for him. I promised that I would keep it for him, but the next morning he came again and said he wanted me to take the ring to a pawn shop and get \$30 or \$35 on it. I did not know much about pawn shops, and so I went to an old woman, a friend of mine, who advised me to take it to Mr. Cook, 21 West Third street. Mr. Cook gave \$30. This was on June 19. I gave Cox the money and the pawn ticket, and he told me he was going to Boston to look for work. I never had any idea that he was a man that would commit a murder. He is not my husband. I gave one of the rings to George Taylor because he is a friend of mine—for the same reason, I suppose, that Cox gave the jewelry to me. Cox and Taylor never knew each other, either by sight or by name. I never heard him speak of Mrs. Hull or of any other person living on Forty-second street. He used to

#### "TALK ABOUT RELIGION A GREAT DEAL."

During his stay in Boston the police allowed a mob of young men to surround him and to torture him with shrewd questions unskillfully put. The Bostonians had had their fill of the colored man. He had been caged in an open cell in the city hall, and what seemed like all Boston had been admitted to the prison and allowed to pass along in a double line past the cell door, as people do when a body lies in state in a great city. Following that plan an officer stood by the cell door to part the line of spectators and double it back to its starting point. This officer saw that nobody stopped more than a second at the culprit's door.

On the way to the cars Captain Williams seized one Cox's and Schmittberger the arm he was chained to, and they dragged the colored man so rapidly through the throng that he seemed at times to be literally lifted and carried along. It was the only way to do under the circumstances. The thing only ended at the depot, nearly a mile away, and when the train started a large body of men and boys ran with it as long as they could keep alongside.

Eight men were in the party that took the steamboat Providence from Fall River to this city. These were Cox, the murderer; Captain Williams, inspectors Leggett, Wood, and Harding, Detective Schmittberger, Sternberg, the pawnbroker and a reporter. All except the pawnbroker occupied a compartment in a parlor car on the way to Fall River. The train was a long one, filled with passengers, who took turns in pulling open the compartment door and staring at the prisoner and his guard. Even young girls did this, and stood in the doorway, indifferent to the visible displeasure of the officers, and

#### LOOKING ONLY AT THE COLORED MAN.

"I was 'larmed at de performance," said Cox, "for it did seem to me that 'mong all de people what was let in some one might be there to shoot me. I expected to git shot 'fore dey got done."

The ride from Boston to Fall River is a long one, and before it came to an end conversation had ceased. Captain Williams, who had hardly slept during the preceding three days, closed his eyes, the Boston men smoked, Officer Schmittberger rested his manacled hand, the murderer, Cox, fell into a reverie pleasant enough to make his lips part in a smile. When Fall River was reached, the train stopped, and the passengers passing the way to the compartment door and arrested to look at the prisoner. Captain Williams again grasped one of Cox's hands. Detective Schmitt-

berger and Cox stood up, the Boston men ran ahead to make the way clear for the others, and Cox was rushed on board the steamer Bristol. Captain Williams had obtained state-room "Q" on the upper deck, behind the port wheel of the steamer. He and Detective Schmittberger again almost carried Cox, as they ran through the gaping throng of men and women, and at last reached their room. It was a large state-room. It contained a wide double bed, two chairs, a table, a wash-stand, a looking-glass and red window hangings. The New York detective sat in one chair, and Cox sat in another. People almost climbed into the window in their haste to get a view of the criminal. When asked whether he disliked to have them look at him, Cox replied: "Oh, no;

"THEY'VE GOT TO LOOK, I SUPPOSE."

"Why are you afraid some one will kill you?" he was asked.

"I don't know. I feel that way. Some one may have a feeling against me."

"But you say you expect to be hanged," he was reminded.

"Yes, sah," he replied, "but I don't want to be taken suddenly without preparation. I know I have got to die, and the only thing now is to prepare. I wish time to prepare for death."

Captain Williams locked the mate of Cox's handcuff to his own arm, and the officers and prisoner talked over the murder and later occurrences.

"I knew what was wanted when I was called out of church," said Cox, "I was sure of what was coming. I confessed because I knew it was no use not to."

Soon after ten o'clock, Captain Williams and his prisoner went to bed. They removed only their coats and shoes, and they slept outside the bed-clothes. The window and door remained open all night. People stared at the occupants of the room until after two o'clock in the morning, and at intervals of three hours the officers relieved one another on guard, taking their rest in the intervals between duty. The officers each occupied separate rooms. Cox remained awake a few minutes, but presently fell asleep, and REMAINED IN DEEP SLUMBER ALL NIGHT.

The steamer arrived at her dock three hours late, on the morning of the 25th. The passengers were restrained from landing until the officers and the prisoner escaped from the throng, when the boat was tied to the pier at the foot of Murray street. There were less than twenty persons on the pier, and but a few of those knew that Cox was aboard the boat.

At twenty minutes past ten the officer with their prisoner arrived at the Thirtieth street station, when the formalities of entering the name of the latter and of searching him were gone through, after which he was placed in a cell. Shortly after he was brought out and taken to the Central Station, where he was interviewed by Superintendent Walling, and was gazed at by a large crowd. No one seemed to know what to do, until Captain Williams whispered to the superintendent, who answered, "Yes; take him over," and he was taken to the Coroner's office. Coroner Woltman looked eagerly at the prisoner, and then said that it was hardly worth while to send him to the Tombs. Besides, he would be better cared and watched in a cell in the Central Office. Consequently he was taken back, still accompanied by the throng, which received new accessions continually. At the Central Office Cox was taken into the office of Captain Kealy, Chief of Detectives, and there he waited until the cell was made ready for him. Then he was led inside and unmanacled. He breathed a sigh of relief, took off his coat, and threw himself on the bed. Detective Jerry Wood was detailed to sit in the cell and take charge of the prisoner, and an officer in uniform was placed outside in the corridor. Then for a few moments many persons filed in to look at the murderer. Police officials, politicians, reporters, and an indiscriminate rabble of black and white gazed at the man, who bore the scrutiny with apparent indifference. After a time this gazing was put an end to by Superintendent Walling. During the afternoon he was

#### VISITED BY THRONES OF THE CURIOUS.

When Inspector McDermott visited him in his cell he seemed anxious to talk, and began to tell his story, evidently wishing sympathy. The inspector told him that he did not care to hear any more of the story, and abruptly closed the interview.

A remark made by Captain Williams after his arrival throws light on the persistence of the police in suspecting Dr. Hull of the murder. He said, "For days we have had our minds on a man who has offered to testify under oath that Dr. Hull spoke to him three different times about murdering his wife; talked to him about the easiest way of committing a murder, and talked at length about the Nathan murder and other mysterious murders. No; I can't give you the man's name, but he professed himself willing to go on the witness stand at the inquest and swear to these things, and if this man Cox hadn't been found, the man would have been put on the stand, and his testimony would have sent Dr. Hull to the Tombs, and, likely enough, would have hanged him. Now, I am convinced that the rascal was lying to us. I can't tell you any more now. We haven't decided."

#### "WHAT TO DO WITH THIS FELLOW."

Captain Williams said that Policeman Fay, who says that he tried the door of the Hull house at half past one o'clock on the night of the murder, lies, adding: "He didn't swear to that in his testimony."

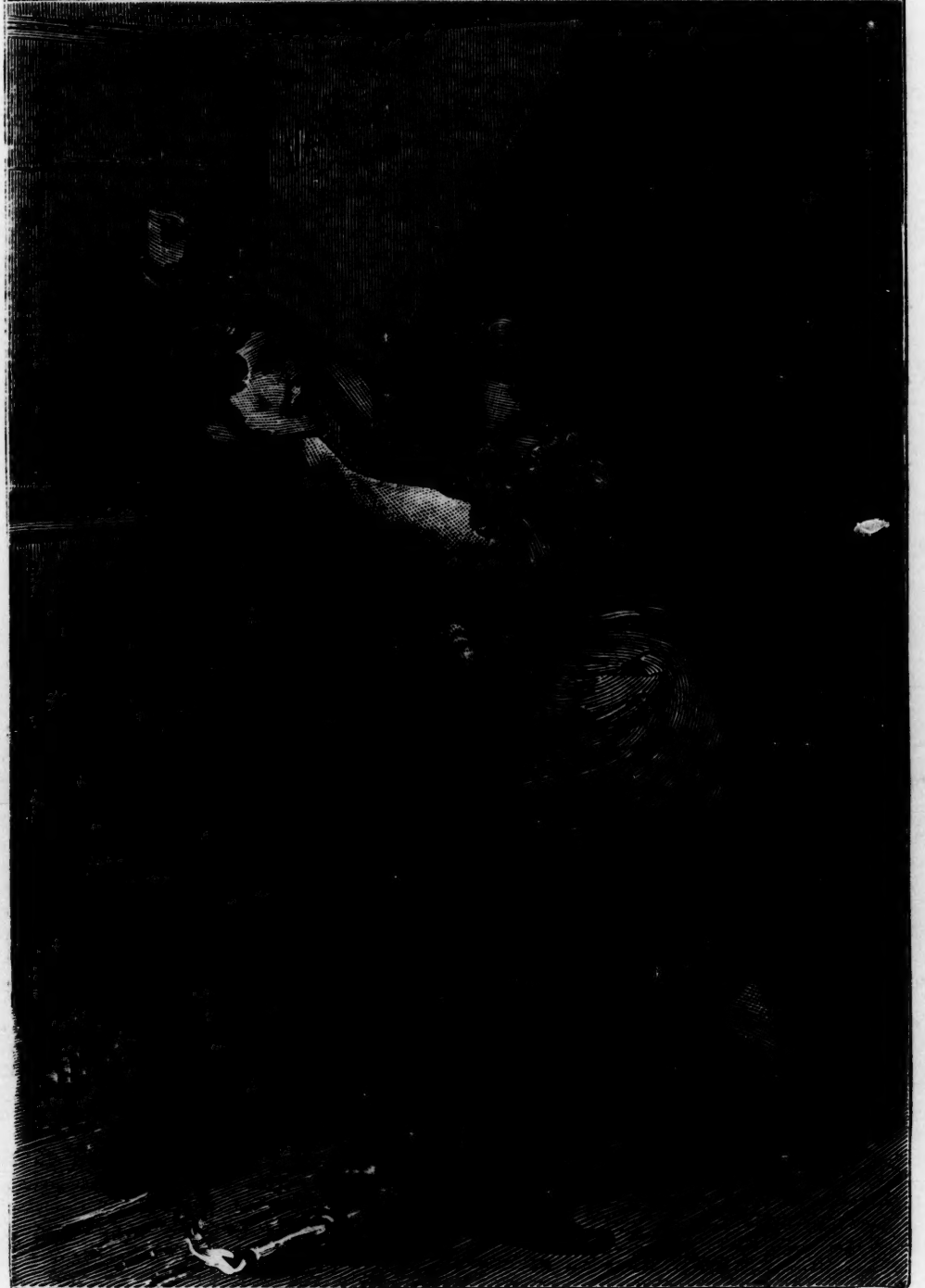
Cox's trial will follow speedily upon his indictment by the grand jury, which, it is expected, will take place at once.

The Boston detectives give all the credit to Balch, the Boston reporter; yet he does not intend to claim the \$500 reward offered by Detective Otto. He says if it is given him he will take it, but he will not come to New York after it. Wood is said to be in the city with a view toward securing the prize; so is Harding, and so is Leggett, who found the jewelry. Strangely enough, Sternberg, the pawnbroker, sees no valid reason why he should not have the money. Detective Schmittberger does not look for it; he thinks Balch, the reporter, should have it. Captain Williams says that it does not belong in New York.





TOUCHING DELUSION OF A BEREAVED MOTHER, WHO, CRAZED BY THE DEATH OF HER BABY, DRESSES A CAT IN ITS CLOTHING AND FANCIES IT TO BE HER LOST LITTLE ONE; EAST BRIDGEPORT, CONN.—SEE PAGE 13.



MRS. HELENA ALEXANDER GRAPPLES WITH A BURGLARIOUS INTRUDER AND PLUCKILY HOLDS ON TO HIM, IN SPITE OF HIS SAVAGE RESISTANCE, UNTIL THE ARRIVAL OF AN OFFICER; NEW YORK CITY.—SEE PAGE 4.

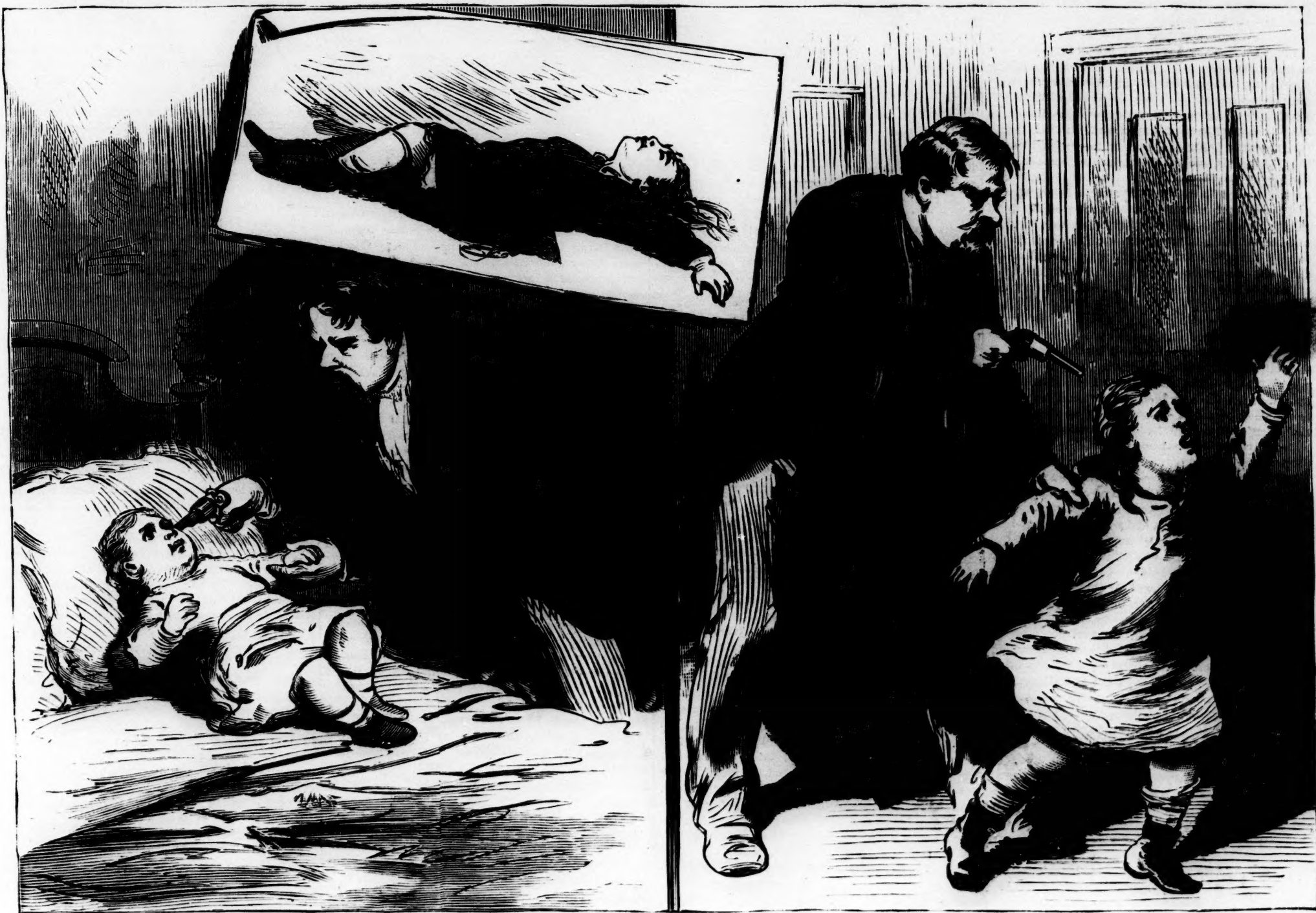


FIENDISH CRIME OF A BRUTAL HUSBAND—FATAL CULMINATION OF WILLIAM PADGETT'S CRUEL DOMESTIC TYRANNY, IN THE HORRIBLE BUTCHERY OF HIS LONG-SUFFERING WIFE, AND HIS SUBSEQUENT SUICIDAL ATTEMPT BY CUTTING HIS THROAT FROM EAR TO EAR; IN MEADE COUNTY, KY.—SEE PAGE 12.





THE HULL MURDER—1—MRS. JANE L. DE FORREST HULL, THE VICTIM. 2—DR. ALONZO G. HULL. 3—NANCY FRANCIS, THE COLORED COOK, WHO DISCOVERED THE BODY. 4—BELLA JOHNSON, FORMER MISTRESS OF THE MURDERER, TO WHOM HE GAVE SOME OF THE JEWELRY STOLEN FROM MRS. HULL. 5—CORONER WOLTMAN.—SEE PAGE 6.



THE HOLYOKE HORROR—APPALLING CRIME OF JOHN KEMMLER, A BRUTAL GERMAN IMITATOR OF THE POCASSET FANATICS, WHO SHOOTS HIS THREE LITTLE DAUGHTERS TO DEATH BECAUSE HE WANTS THEM TO "GO STRAIGHT TO HEAVEN," INSTEAD OF "GROWING UP TO BE BAD;" SOUTH HOLYOKE, MASS.—SEE PAGE 10.



## CURRENT CRIME.

Weekly Calendar of Conspicuous Offenses  
Against Person and  
Property.

## MURDER'S UGLY RECORD.

Virtual Acquittal of the Boy-Girl Lover of  
Ella Hearn, Who Escapes With the Pen-  
alty of a Five Hundred Dollar Fine.

## UNHEARD-OF BARBARITY IN TEXAS.

## SENSATIONAL ASSAULT CASE.

DETROIT, Mich., June 25.—A sensation was caused here to-day by the arrest of Jerome Beecher, a son of Luther Beecher, one of the wealthiest citizens of Detroit, for an alleged assault upon a Scotch servant of the family.

## THE SAUGUS TRUNK HORROR.

BOSTON, June 22.—Detectives are vigorously pursuing the new investigation into the Saugus trunk mystery, and feel very certain that the woman McLane arrested at Lynn for malpractice is intimately concerned in it.

## THE WORK OF DEMONS.

FRANKFORT, Ky., June 21.—Saturday night, at Sand-riffe, twelve miles distant, a party of unknown men attacked the house of Sam Faulkner, severely wounding Faulkner as he ran from the house. They then set fire to the dwelling, which was consumed with its inmates—Harry Russell, aged seventeen, who was also shot, and two children of Faulkner's, aged eleven and three. No cause is given for this brutal affair.

## MURDERERS RELEASED ON BAIL.

PITTSBURG, Pa., June 21.—This morning an application was made in the quarter sessions court for the release on bail of Samuel Gissel and Samuel McLain, who are accused of the murder of Samuel Hunter on March 5. The application was based on an act passed in 1785, which provides that any person accused of crime may be released on bail if not tried within the two successive terms after commitment to jail. The court granted the application, and fixed the bail at \$20,000 each. Mr. John Scott, President of the Allegheny Valley railroad and father-in-law of Gissel, went their bail.

## MURDER OF AN AGED WOMAN.

HARRISBURG, Pa., June 22.—About two miles from Singletown, in this county, Jane Perkey, aged sixty years, was found dead in bed under very suspicious circumstances yesterday, producing the impression in the neighborhood that she had been murdered. She lived in a small house by herself and is known to have had money. Near the building, a hole had been dug, into which it is believed the supposed murderers had intended to bury the woman after having killed her, with a view to create the impression that she had wandered away. It is supposed they were frightened away before they could carry out their purpose.

## A WIFE MURDERER'S SUICIDE.

BUFFALO, N. Y., June 24.—In the county jail this morning Thomas Dinkel, awaiting trial on indictment charging him with killing his wife Barbara, on May 14, cut his throat from ear to ear with a razor, severing the jugular vein and windpipe. He was to have been tried this afternoon, and was allowed to take the razor to shave himself. He went into one of the bath rooms, cautiously undressed himself, and, turning on the hot water, made the cut. When found he was vigorously twisting the razor in the deep gash, and it required the united efforts of two officials to get the bloody instrument away from him. He lived until one o'clock, and fought the surgeons who tried to help him to the bitter end. Dinkel was a German, and sixty-one years of age. This was his third attempt to commit suicide. He tried to poison himself a week ago.

## ESCAPE AND RECAPTURE OF CONVICTS.

JEFFERSONVILLE, Ind., June 20.—There seems to be a spirit of unrest and threatened insubordination at the state prison, south. To-day at noon two desperadoes, Kit Carson and Bill Dudley, seized the foreman of the outside foundry, bound him hand and foot, made a breach in the wall and escaped before the guards discovered it. Pursuit was given and both men recaptured. Dudley was chased into an oat field one mile from town, and when caught was nearly exhausted. Carson was arrested above town, cutting a serious gash in the arm of one pursuer before he gave up. He is undergoing a sentence of twenty-one years for rape, and Dudley is in for burglary. The latter is the partner of the famous Bill Rodifer. Two days ago two convicts escaped over the walls by means of a ladder. One of them, a negro named Jago, was recaptured. Within a few weeks six have escaped from the institution, two of whom are still at large.

## A FRIGHTFUL TEXAS CRIME.

COLUMBUS, Texas, June 19.—A horrible and devilish assassination, worthy rather of savages than so-called civilized men, has occurred near here, but the scoundrels who perpetrated it have not yet been caught. On last Thursday night about eight miles from here, on Skull Creek, about two o'clock in the morning, a mob, consisting of about a dozen men, surrounded the house of a colored man named Olive Harrison, demanding him to come out. It seems that the negro refused to obey, apprehending that his life was in danger. Becoming furious, the murderous mob poured a volley of rifle and six-shooter balls into the house, which so terrified the wife and children of Harrison that they rushed out and plead for quarter. They were told to sit down on some logs about one hundred yards off, and to keep their mouths shut. Harrison still remained in the house. The firing was kept up until the sound of a heavy fall and cry of "My Lord!" came from the cabin. Then the murderous work had been accomplished—Olive Harrison was no more. But this did not satisfy the blood-

thirsty mob. They set fire to the cabin, which together with the body of the murdered man, was soon wrapped in flames. A pile of ashes and a human backbone was all that was left next morning of Olive Harrison and his home.

## LILLIE DUEB'S LUCK.

SNOW HILL, Md., June 21.—The jury in the case of Lillie Duer, charged with the homicide of Ella Hearn, returned a verdict of guilty of murder with a recommendation to the mercy of the court, on the 19th. Judge Wilson informed the jury that the verdict must be formal, and the reply must not be guilty of murder, but guilty of manslaughter. A formal answer was made, but before the clerk recorded the verdict, Mr. Crisfield, of counsel for the defense, demanded a poll of the jury. The panel was called, and a formal answer was made of guilty of manslaughter until the eighth juror was called, when he answered, "Not guilty." The reply created a sensation. Judge Wilson then said as the jury had not agreed, the would again retire. They did so, and returned in a short time with a verdict, "not guilty of murder, but guilty of manslaughter." The prisoner was then removed. Judge Wilson, in sentencing the prisoner, said: "Lillian Duer, you have been tried by a jury of true and honest men for one of the most heinous offenses known to the law, and they have found you guilty of manslaughter. In view of the fact that there is no stain upon your previous life the jury has recommended you to the mercy of the court, and the court is glad of it. The law permits imprisonment in the penitentiary or the common jail, or the maximum fine of \$500. The court will not sentence you to imprisonment, but as the offense was of so grave a character the court will impose the highest fine which the law provides. The court, therefore, sentences you to pay a fine of \$500 and to stand committed until the fine is paid." The fine was subsequently paid by her friends and she was discharged.

## Johnny's School Composition.

Little Johnny, in the *Argonaut*, gives as his composition the following picturesque anecdotes of wife-beaters:

My Uncle Ned, who has been in Injy and evry where, he says one time there was a feller wich was a lickn his wife, and evry time he hit her there was a dog and it hollerd, the dog did, like a looky motif. Then the feller he sed to his wife, "Can't you do yore own hollerin'?" Then he thot a wile, and then he went in his house and brot out a other wife and lickd thain too, and watched the dog, and the dog howld agin. Then the feller he sed, "Whose wife is this, Ide like to know, mine or yourn?" Then he got a other wife and lickd her, and it was the same way. Then he thot a wile agin, and then he was a goin for a other, but the dog it shuke its head and walked away, much as to say, "A feller can't devote his whole life to one emotion and fore go the chase; the jackus rabbit is forth, the duty beckns me a way. Maybe the other ladsy can scure the serfices of a fresh dog." Master Jonnicke, wich has got the wuden leg, he says a scientificle man was a lickn his wife, and evry time she was hit there was a ceko, wich sounded jest like a other man a lickn him, and the scientificle man he was dlited. Bime by he stoppt and sed, "There is something singler bout this ceko; it seems to repeat the hard licks in a other kee from the mild ones. Most xtrodinary thing I ever herd. My dear, we must xpériment further."

## Sensational Arrest in Memphis.

MEMPHIS, Tenn., June 19.—To-day at noon Chief of Police Athey arrested Charles O. Eveland and Thomas Waties. The former is the manager of the branch firm of Wannamaker & Brown, clothiers, in this city. Waties is the book-keeper. The arrest was made on the affidavit of R. C. Ogden, who had been sent out by the Philadelphia firm to investigate the books of the branch house here. The arrest caused quite a sensation, as the two young men are well known, having been in Memphis since last December. Several letters and telegrams which Eveland sent to Waties while the former was in Philadelphia not long since, and which directed the book-keeper to make false entries on the books of the concern, by some unknown means fell into the hands of Chief Athey, who forthwith communicated his suspicions of something wrong going on to the Philadelphia house, led to the arrest of the parties mentioned. From what can be ascertained, Eveland is short between \$1,000 and \$4,000, which he tried to cover up in making it appear the stock on hand was in excess of real value. Mr. Ogden is having an inventory of the stock taken, and when this is done the true inwardness of the transaction will be made manifest.

## Horsewhipped for Gossiping.

SPOTTSWOOD, N. J., June 23.—Emma Arrows is one of the pretty girls of this village. Her father works in Atkinson's licorice mills. Foreman Thompson of these mills said that he and a friend saw Emma in the company of Will Seinner, who has a local reputation as a lady killer. Arrows heard of this through his fellow workmen, and took Thompson to account. Thompson acknowledged that he had told the story. Mrs. Arrows was very angry, and pronounced Foreman Thompson a slanderer. She got a horsewhip and waited for him on Saturday evening near Skinner's store, which is a village rendezvous. When he approached she asked him if he had been spreading scandal about her daughter, and fell to work thrashing him over the head and face without waiting for a discussion. Thompson dodged into Skinner's store. She followed him, and continued the onset until the bystanders interfered. Then she sallied out to chastise Thompson's friend, who had corroborated the story. The friend got a horsewhip, and vowed he would defend himself. Before she had a chance at him, however, Thompson drove over to Oldbridge and got a warrant from Judge Disbrow, under which she was arrested.

At Graball, Texas, on the 23rd, J. W. Monroe killed B. W. Ferguson in a shooting affray.

## A BRAZEN BAGGAGE.

Horrible Record of a San Francisco Female Abortionist, Which was Brought to Light Through a Suit for Payment for her Criminal Malpractice Which she Had the Impudence to Bring Before a Justice.

SAN FRANCISCO, June 14.—Mrs. Louisa Hagenow, M. D., whose name is just beginning to figure in the annals of local crime, has a history which time and testimony in the courts will make interesting. One branch of it may now be made public. It had its origin in rural Oakland, as sacred history began in Eden. Many months ago there lived at the handsome country seat of Mr. Thornburg, on Telegraph avenue, near the limits of Berkeley, a Swedish handmaid, one Matilda Anderson, attractive in appearance and amatory in inclination. Like Messalina of Rome and Catherine of Russia, she scorned no one whose attentions might prove agreeable. The country magnate, being in poor health, required the daily ministrations of Charles Pendegast, connected with a Turkish bath establishment, who was wont to visit his villa and give him the needed magnetic treatment every evening after his regular labor was finished, returning to San Francisco at an early hour the next morning. Matilda insidiously approached the magnetic Pendegast, with what success has not yet appeared, but with a result which she saw fit subsequently to place in the light of a conquest.

In due time Matilda's employer yielded to his disease and departed this life, and those who had been subjected to the blandishments of the Swedish sorceress—the gardener, the coachman, the footman, the butler, the table-boy and every other person of the male sex who had been a servitor about the place—were removed beyond the power of temptation from that quarter. Pendegast returned to his hot water and his unguents, and became once more obscured in its mists and medicated vapors. Matilda had only fitted for a moment across his vision and had been as speedily forgotten. His image had not, however, been permitted to fade so easily from her more tender and sensitive imagination. A few days ago, while concentrating the electric current on a humble patient, he was notified by a message steeped in lavender that his presence was earnestly desired at Mrs. Hagenow's 812 Howard street. Who Mrs. Hagenow was he could not guess, but having found the place he learned that she had been the hostess and physician of Miss Anderson, who had made under her roof.

## A FUTILE EFFORT AT MATERNITY.

After the girl recovered he called upon her once—not more—and was confronted by a bill, bristling with figures, from Mrs. Hagenow, who alleged that he was the natural protector of the woman and the father of the infant whose entry into this world had been stopped by untoward fate. Not conscious of having played the role of "Faust" to any Scandinavian girl's "Marguerite," he denied the accusation and refused to disburse the required amount. Madame Hagenow, inspired by her evil genius, pressed the claim before a justice of the peace. The electrician of the bath, being unfamiliar with the law, allowed the case to go by default, but afterward employed a lawyer and had the case brought before the city criminal court, where it is now pending. Between the girl and Mrs. Hagenow a criminal prosecution was evolved as a further inducement to disburse the amount of the bill. On the preliminary hearing before Judge Ferral Mrs. Hagenow appeared as a witness. She testified in substance that Miss Anderson came to her house until the trouble was past, and that the miscarriage had been

## PRODUCED BY MEDICINE ALONE.

The girl testified that the medicine which had produced this untoward result had been taken by her for several weeks from a bottle furnished her by defendant Pendegast. She had lost the bottle, and could not remember what the medicine was nor where it came from. It appeared from her testimony that she made Mrs. Hagenow's acquaintance on her own account, visited the accoucheur first on Thursday, next on Saturday, and at the last visit had remained over until Monday, when she was taken ill. Competent medical testimony was adduced by the defendant to show that the story of the girl was necessarily false, because there is no drug or medicine which can be taken for weeks and finally produce such a result. Further than this, it was shown that the visits of the girl to the house proved the theory of the defense that the abortion was procured by mechanical means on Thursday. Mrs. Hagenow was mortally terrified at the unexpected direction things were taking. She denied strenuously that she had ever in her experience performed an unlawful operation, or that her practice was

## OF ANY SUCH TERRIBLE NATURE.

Judge Ferral held the defendant to answer on the testimony of the two women. The defendant resolved in the meantime to neglect nothing that could prove his innocence.

Mrs. Hagenow was placed under the most careful surveillance. Her outcomings and ingoings were watched by keen eyes, and some damning evidence was obtained against her. She was induced to visit a house on O'Farrell street, where she was given to understand she would be permitted to exercise the special branch of her murderous art and carry out the Malthusian doctrine. She brought with her in a satchel the most improved implements devised for ante-natal murder. All necessary precautions were taken. She was admitted to the hushed and darkened chamber, and kindly permitted to go through all preliminaries anticipatory of the deadly act. She entered upon her dangerous task with great readiness, showing

## THE PRACTICED HAND AND SKILLFUL TOUCH.

But there ensued an unexpected interruption. Several persons, under the guise of legal authority, suddenly made their appearance, released the hypothetical mother, and took by force into their possession all the instruments brought for the fell purpose. She fought for their owners' ip as a tigress for her young, and only yielded them so the force of masculine strength and superior numbers. After a protracted

rough-and-tumble contest she retired with torn draperies from the scene of conflict, vowing vengeance on the robbers. In the satchel with the instruments was found a note-book, written in German, which contained a record of some thirty or forty cases, with names of victims, in which the assistance of Madame Hagenow had been found necessary as a Malthusian philosopher. The tools of the trade were taken to police headquarters and stored for future reference. Not long after having been deprived of them, Madame Hagenow appeared at the office of the prosecuting attorney of the police court and demanded a warrant for the arrest of those who had taken the satchel.

## THE BRAZEN REQUEST WAS DENIED.

She was herself at once arrested by Captain Lees and escorted to the city prison, with the charge against her of "offering to commit an abortion." Appearing the next morning in the police court, she was held to bail in the sum of \$1,500, and a hearing of her case deferred till Monday next. Her note-book is meanwhile being translated for the information of the court.

Mme. Hagenow has been in the city four or five years. She claims to have been an authorized practitioner of obstetrics in Germany, and has two diplomas from a homeopathic college in Missouri—one to practice as a physician and the other to do duty as a midwife. She has for some time past been keeping a boarding-house for ladies in delicate health. She has never been recognized in San Francisco by regular practitioners, male or female, and has never presented herself to the Board of Medical Examiners for examination as required by law. She is not, therefore, a licensed physician in this state, and never has been, though her name appears in the city directory in the classified list.

## HOLYOKE'S HORROR.

Appalling Deed of a Brutal and Fanatical Imitator of the Pocasset Pious Cranks, Who Murders his Three Little Daughters Because he Wants Them "to go Straight to Heaven."

## [Subject of Illustration.]

SPRINGFIELD, Mass., June 22.—The worst local tragedy since the burning of the Holyoke French Church in 1875, and one of the coldest and most deliberate murders on record, was perpetrated yesterday afternoon at South Holyoke by John Kemmler, aged forty-eight, formerly employed at the Germania Mills, who shot his three children—Annie, aged six; Lutemilla, aged four and Amy, aged one. The Kemmlers lived in an attic at 375 Park street, in comparative poverty, the father having been out of work since February, when he deserted his family to go to Denver, Col., and carried away the \$200 which they had saved. Till recently his wife supported herself and children by working in mills and doing odd jobs. Kemmler, of course, came home and was soon after ordered to vacate his tenement on the ground of idleness.

On the day previous he sent his wife up the street, about two P. M., to buy a hat for Amy, and calling the children in from the street, with promise of candy, locked the doors and

## FIRST ATTEMPTED TO POISON THEM.

He had procured cyanide of potassium, and tried to administer it to them in the form of gruel, but could only get a few spoonfuls down Annie's throat. Seeing it was useless, the wretch took Lutemilla into a bedroom, shut the door, and drawing a revolver shot her through the head just behind the ears. He then took Annie into another bedroom, shot her in like manner and left her on the floor. Lastly, he laid Amy on a bed in the rear bedroom and shot her also through the head behind the ears. The work in each case was done clean. The revolver was placed against the head, as large powder burns on the face clearly show, the bullets passing straight through both parietal bones of each child's skull.

The murderer then locked the doors, went to a neighboring saloon, where he gave the bar-keeper his key, said quietly that he had killed his children and strolled unconcernedly up town, remarking that he had taken his last glass of beer. When arrested in an up-town saloon he gave up his revolver, and

## COOLLY ACKNOWLEDGED HIS CRIME.

He is a medium-sized German, forty-eight years old, with a broad and rather expressionless face, which is ornamented with a black mustache and chin whiskers. His eyes, set widely apart, are ordinarily dull and fleshy, but when he spoke of his children they kindled with an unpleasant light, which gave one the impression that his mind is not sound.

He spoke freely of his crime and said in answer to questions, "I shot poor little Annie, Lutemilla and Amy, and they are now in heaven. I could not support them, and I could not bare to have them come on the town, and, perhaps, when they grew up, see them go into bad houses. I loved them, and so I killed them. I put the revolver to their heads, just like this (motioning with his hands), and they did easily. My wife can support herself washing and with other work, as she has no children. I don't care if they do hang me. It makes no difference what becomes of me. I am a good Protestant Christian, though I have not been to church in Holyoke, because I had to work Sundays. I did not shoot myself, because it would be wrong, and I should go to hell. If I could make the laws I would have it fixed so that children would not come on the town and go to the bad."

## "I WOULD HAVE THEM ALL KILLED FIRST."

Lutemilla did not die yesterday, as was reported, but lingered until this morning. When her father heard of this he offered to go out and finish killing her if the officers would let him. Kemmler talked with a strong Teutonic accent, and said he had been thinking of committing the murder for ten days.

Mrs. Kemmler has gone crazy from her loss, and her cries for her children are heartrending. At times she seems to realize that they are dead, and then she begs to be allowed to follow them. "Oh, why did John kill them and let me live?" the poor, broken-hearted mother asked repeatedly, as her friends tried to soothe her. It is doubtful whether she recovers her reason. A public funeral of the victims was held at the city hall to-day.



## A FRENCH DETECTIVE'S WAY

The Scientific System Employed in Ferreting Out a Murder Presenting a Close Resemblance to the Hull Tragedy.

## A CRIME WITHOUT A CLUE.

And Involved in Profoundest Mystery, Laid Bare Before Justice by the Exercise of Common Sense,

## BACKED BY SKILL AND EXPERIENCE.

The following graphic description of a bit of shrewd detective work on a memorable French case, remarkably similar to the Hull murder, will be perused with interest by our readers, and might be read with advantage by some of our own detectives.

Pere Tabaret, surnamed Tiraucaille, standing at the threshold, bowed almost to the ground, bending his old back into an arch, and in the humblest of voices demanded:

"The judge of inquiry has deigned to send for me."

"Yes," replied Daburon, adding under his breath: "and, if you are a man of any ability, there is at least nothing to indicate it in your appearance."

"I am here," continued the old fellow, "completely at the service of justice."

"I wish to know," replied the judge, "whether you cannot, with more success than has attended our efforts, discover some indication that may serve to put us upon the track of the author of this atrocious crime. I will explain—"

"Oh, I know enough of it!" interrupted Pere Tabaret. "Lecoq has told me as much as I desire to know."

"Nevertheless—" continued the commissary.

"If you will permit me, I prefer to proceed without receiving any information, in order to be more fully MASTER OF MY OWN IMPRESSIONS. If you knew another's opinion it can't help influencing your judgment. I will, if you please, at once commence my researches, with Lecoq's assistance."

As the old fellow spoke his little gray eyes dilated and became brilliant as carbuncles. His face reflected an internal satisfaction; even his wrinkles seemed to laugh. His figure became erect, his step almost elastic, as he darted, rather than walked, into the second chamber.

He remained there about half an hour, then came out running, then re-entered and came out again; again re-entered, and again re-appeared almost immediately. The judge could not help comparing him to a pointer on the scent; restless and active he ran hither and thither, carrying his nose in the air as if to discover some subtle odor left by the assassin. All the while he talked loudly and with much gesticulation, apostrophizing himself, scolding himself, uttering little cries of triumph or self-encouragement. He did not allow Lecoq to have a moment's rest. He wanted this or that or the other thing. He demanded paper and a pencil. Then he wanted a spade; and finally he cried out for plaster of Paris and a bottle of oil.

## WITH THESE HE LEFT THE COTTAGE.

When more than an hour had elapsed the judge of inquiry began to lose patience and asked what had become of the amateur detective.

"He is on the road," replied the brigadier, "lying flat in the mud. He has mixed the plaster in a plate. He says he is nearly finished, and that he is coming back presently."

Tabaret entered almost instantly, joyous, triumphant, looking at least twenty years younger. Lecoq followed him, carrying, with the utmost precaution, a large pannier.

"I have it!" said he to the judge, "completely. It is as plain as noon-day. Lecoq, my boy, put the pannier on the table."

Gevrol at this moment returned from his expedition equally delighted.

"I am on the track of the man with the rings in his ears," said he; "the sloop went down the river. I have obtained an exact description of Captain Gerlaise."

"What have you done, M. Tabaret?" said the judge of inquiry.

The old fellow carefully emptied the contents of the pannier—a huge lump of potter's clay, several large sheets of paper, and three or four small

## MORSELS OF PLASTER YET DAMP.

Standing behind this table he presented a grotesque resemblance to a mountebank conjurer who in the public squares makes puddings in hats, swallows swords and eats fire. His dress was in a singular state; he was mud to the chin.

"In the first place," said he, at last, in a tone of affected modesty, "robbery has had nothing to do with the crime that occupies our attention."

"On the contrary," muttered Gevrol.

"I shall prove it," continued Pere Tabaret, "by the evidence. By and by I shall offer my humble opinion as to the real motive."

"In the second place the assassin arrived here before 9:30; that is to say before the rain fell. No more than M. Gevrol, have I been able to discover traces of muddy footsteps; but under the stable, on the spot where his feet rested, I find dust. We are thus assured of the hour. The widow

## DID NOT EXPECT HER VISITOR.

She had commenced undressing, and was about to wind up her cuckoo clock when he entered."

"These are absolute details!" cried the commissary.

"But easily established," replied the amateur. "Examine this cuckoo clock: it is one of those which run fourteen or fifteen hours at most. Now, it is more than probable, it is certain, that the widow wound it up every evening before going to bed,

"How, then, should the clock have stopped at nine? She must have touched it at that hour. At the moment she was drawing the chain the assassin knocked. In proof, I show this chair below the clock, and on the seat a very plain mark of a foot. Now look at the dress of the victim. The waist of her gown is taken off. In order to open the door more quickly, she did not wait to put it on again, but hastily threw an old shawl over her shoulders."

"Sapristi!" exclaimed the brigadier, evidently filled with admiration.

"The widow," continued the old fellow, "knew the person who knocked. Her haste to open the door gives rise to this conjecture:

## WHAT FOLLOWS PROVES IT.

The assassin then gained admission without difficulty. He was a young man, a little above the middle height, elegantly dressed. He wore on that evening a high hat. He carried an umbrella, and smoked a trabucos with a cigar-holder."

"Ridiculous!" cried Gevrol. "This is too strong!"

"Too strong for you, perhaps," retorted Pere Tabaret. "At all events it is the truth. If you have not been minute in your examinations there is no reason why I shouldn't be. I search and I find. Too strong, say you? Well, deign to glance at these morsels of damp plaster. They represent the heels of the boots worn by the assassin, of which I found the most perfect impression near the ditch, where the key was picked up. On these sheets of paper I have marked in outline the imprint of the foot which I cannot take up because it is in the gravel."

"Look! heel high, instep pronounced, sole small and narrow—an elegant foot belonging to

## A FOOT WELL CARED FOR EVIDENTLY.

Look for this impression all along the road, and you will find it twice repeated. Then you will find it five times repeated in the garden; and those foot-prints prove, by the way, that the stranger knocked not on the door but at the window shutter, beneath which shone a gleam of light. Near the entrance of the garden the man made a leap to avoid a square flower-bed; the point of the foot, more deeply imprinted than usual, shows it. He leaped more than two yards with ease, proving that he is active, and, therefore, young."

Pere Tabaret spoke now in a low voice, but clear and penetrating; and his eye glanced from one to the other of his auditors, watching the impression he was making.

"Does the hat astonish you, Gevrol?" pursued Pere Tabaret. "Just look at this circle traced in the dust on the marble of the secretary. That was where he placed his hat, so we arrive at the shape and size of the crown; and the height is, at least, presumable. Now, the assassin put his hand on the top shelf of the cupboard to get at its contents. If he had been a very tall man he could have seen them without touching the shelf, and if a very short man, he would have stood upon a chair; consequently he must have been

## A LITTLE ABOVE THE MIDDLE HEIGHT.

You seem troubled about the umbrella and the cigar-holder; but they are very simple. This lump of earth preserves an admirable impression, not only of the point, but even of the little wooden shield which holds the silk. Then as for the cigar, here is the end of a trabucos that I found in the ashes. Is it bitten? No. Has it been moistened with saliva? No. Then he who smoked it used a cigar-holder."

Lecoq was unable to conceal his enthusiastic admiration, and noiselessly rubbed his hands. The commissary appeared stupefied, while the judge was delighted. Gevrol's face, on the contrary, was sensibly elongated. As for the brigadier, he was overwhelmed.

"Now," continued the old fellow, "follow me closely. We have traced the young fellow into the house. How he explained his presence at this hour, I do not know; this much is certain, he told the widow he had not dined. The honest woman was delighted to hear it, and at once set to work to prepare a meal. This meal was not for herself; for in the cupboard I find the remains of her dinner. She had dined on fish; the autopsy will

## CONFIRM THE TRUTH OF THIS CONJECTURE.

You can see the rest for yourself. There is but one glass on the table, and one knife. Who was this young man? Evidently the widow looked upon him as a man of rank superior to her own; for, in the small plate-closet is a table-cloth suitable enough for her, but not at all good enough for him. For her guest, she brought out one of white linen, and much handsomer. For him she sets this magnificent glass—a present, no doubt—and this knife with the ivory handle."

"That is all true," murmured the judge—"very true."

"Now, then, we have got the young man seated. He began by drinking a glass of wine, while the widow was putting her pan on the fire. Then, his heart failing him, he called for brandy, and swallowed about five *petite verres*. After an internal struggle of ten minutes (the time it must have taken to cook the ham and eggs to the point they have reached), the young man arose and approached the widow, who was leaning forward over her cooking. He stabbed her twice in the back; but she was not killed instantly. She half arose, seizing the assassin by the hands; while he drew back, lifting her rudely, and then hurling her down in the position which you see her."

"This short struggle is indicated by the posture of the body; for, wounded in the back, it is on her back she ought naturally to have fallen. The weapon used was sharp and pointed, and unless I am deceived, was the end of a foil, broken off and sharpened. By wiping the weapon upon his victim's skirt,

## THE ASSASSIN LEAVES US THIS INDICATION.

He was not, however, hurt in the struggle, though the victim must have clung with a death-grip to his hands, but as he has not left his gray gloves—"

"Gloves! Why, this is romance," exclaimed Gevrol.

"Have you examined the dead woman's finger-

nails, M. Gevrol? No. Well do so, and then tell me whether I am deceived."

"The woman now dead, we come to the object of her assassination. What did this well-dressed young gentleman want? Money? valuables? No! no! a hundred times no! What he wanted, what he sought, and what he found, were papers, documents, letters, which he knew to be in the possession of this unfortunate woman. To find them he has overturned everything, upset the cupboard, unfolded the linen, broken open the secretary, of which he could not find the key, and even emptied the mattress of the bed."

"At last he found them; and then what did he do? Burned them, of course; not in the chimney, but in the little stove in the front chamber. His end accomplished, what does he then? He flies, carrying with him all that he finds valuable, to mislead pursuit and baffle detection by indicating a robbery."

Having bundled them together, he wrapped these valuables in the napkin which was to have served him at dinner; and blowing out the candle, he fled, locking the door, and afterward throwing the key into the ditch."

"That is my idea of the case, M. le judge."

## FOY, THE FIEND.

Another Negro Monster Hustled Off in North Carolina for the Hideous Villainy Peculiar to his Breed.

BEAUFORT, N. C., June 20.—Edward Foy, the latest condemned negro rape fiend, was righteously dismissed from life by the medium of the gallows to-day. His crime was a villainous and cowardly outrage upon Miss Adelia Hanners, a respectable white woman, near the village of Newport, Carteret county, on the evening of April 30th, 1878.

Foy was only twenty years old, of diminutive stature and of unprepossessing and disagreeable countenance. At the time of his execution, he weighed less than 130 pounds and was only five feet in height. He had borne a bad character from his childhood. Foy had never been convicted of any crime, although he had been frequently suspected of complicity and participation in crooked transactions. He was brought here in 1874 from Onslow county, where he was charged with being an accessory of Bryant Lawler, a negro, accused of the murder of a white man, named Langley. The trial of the case was removed from Onslow to Carteret, and on the motion of the counsel for the accused. On the trial Foy was put on the witness stand by the prosecution, with the understanding that he would turn state's evidence, but when examined he declined to make any statement that would criminate his associate in crime. He was evidently in collusion with Lawler, and at his solicitations had concluded

## NOT TO "PEACH" ON HIS COMRADE.

Fortunately, however, the conviction of the principal actor in this crime did not rest on the testimony of the recalcitrant witness. Bryant was convicted of the murder of Langley and subsequently hanged. For some reason the charges against Foy were abandoned by the representative of the state, and he was discharged. Although but little over sixteen at the time he was arraigned as an accomplice in the murder of Langley, Foy displayed a wonderful degree of low cunning and shrewdness, which marked his after-life. After being released Foy roamed about the county without any visible means of support, and was frequently under the surveillance of the officers of the law, although he was never detected in the commission of any act of outlawry until he was arrested for the assault upon Mrs. Hanners, for which he has

## PAID THE PENALTY OF HIS LIFE ON THE SCAFFOLD.

On the evening of April 30th, 1878 about dusk, Foy entered the humble home of Mrs. Adelia Hanners, located in a secluded neighborhood, near the little village of Newport, in Carteret county, during the temporary absence of her husband. Approaching his victim Foy asked her where her husband was, to which she replied that he had gone on a visit to his father. Mrs. Hanners demanded to know the object of her visitor's presence. The negro said he did not have any special business there, whereupon the woman ordered him to leave the premises. His reply to this peremptory order was to approach Mrs. Hanners, place a pistol to her head and inform her that his purpose was to assault her, and if she made any outcry or offered any resistance that he would kill her and her sleeping infant which lay in its crib. Appreciating her terrible position the woman snatched up the sleeping child in her arms and fled toward the gate, hoping as she afterward explained, to reach the main road and attract the attention of some passer by before her assailant could execute his horrible threat. Foy evidently divined the woman's purpose to elude him, and starting in pursuit, he caught her before she reached the gate, seized her in his arms, and notwithstanding her loud screams and appeals for help, carried Mrs. Hanners to the house and

## COMMITTED THE OUTRAGE.

Foy then left the house and secreted himself in the log cabin of a negro man in the neighborhood. A few hours after the assault upon his wife Mr. Hanners returned home and was informed by the woman of what had transpired during his absence. Before the assailant knew that he was charged with the outrage Mrs. Hanners, in company with her husband, had visited a neighboring magistrate and sworn out a warrant against the negro. The accused was arrested in the house of the man where he had taken refuge. He was brought into the presence of his accuser. Mrs. Hanners had no difficulty in recognizing Foy as the guilty man. He was examined and at once committed to jail to await indictment by the grand jury of the superior court of Carteret county at the fall term.

Mrs. Adelia Hanners, the victim of Foy, is the wife of J. C. Hanners, a confirmed cripple. Hanners, with the assistance of his wife, managed to eke out a scanty living for the little household by the cultivation of a few acres of poor land near Newport. Mrs. Hanners at the time of the outrage was twenty-seven years old, and although not what women in more

cultivated circles than that in which she moved have been called "pretty," possessing personal

ATTRACTIVE OF MORE THAN ORDINARY CHARACTER. She was rather spare, though well proportioned, with a well knit figure.

Mrs. Hanners, though unlettered, not having enjoyed the advantages of education, was a woman of excellent sense. She bore a character above suspicion, and both she and her husband were respected by their neighbors. She had been married a little more than two years at the time of the infamous assault upon her.

Foy was tried at the December term, 1878, of the superior court of Carteret, Judge McKay presiding. The prisoner being unable to employ counsel, the court assigned Messrs. Thomas & Manly, of the Newbern bar, to defend him. The principal witness for the commonwealth was Mrs. Hanners. Her testimony was substantially as narrated above. She identified the prisoner as the perpetrator of the crime. When the witness was first put on the stand she betrayed a painful appreciation of her trying position, and displayed becoming modesty in relating

## THE CIRCUMSTANCES OF THE ASSAULT.

Being devoid of culture, she did not use refined phrases as others might have done. Under the searching cross-examination to which she was subjected by counsel for the defense in her extreme agony, Mrs. Hanners used such plain language in narrating the affair that she shocked the entire court and attendants. The prisoner's counsel declined to examine the witnesses summoned by their client. As they did not know anything that could be of any benefit to Foy, his legal advisers thought that their testimony might prejudice and complicate his case. Foy was convicted and sentenced to be hanged December 28, 1878. An appeal was taken, and the motion for a new trial heard by the supreme court at the January term. The sentence of the lower court was affirmed, and on refusing the motion for a new trial the appellate court, in referring to the testimony in the case, spoke of its intense "vulgarity." At the May term of the superior court of Carteret, Foy was sentenced to be hanged to-day.

Foy protested his innocence to the last on the gallows, and said that he died for another's crime; that being innocent he was not afraid to die, and

## BEHAVED IN A COOL MANNER THROUGHOUT.

The drop fell at twenty minutes to twelve o'clock, and in five minutes thereafter he was pronounced dead by the attending physicians. Twelve minutes later he was placed in a coffin and carried to the potter's field. About one thousand people were present, only a few white women being in the crowd. The execution was well performed, the prisoner's struggles being scarcely perceptible. The Beaufort Light Infantry, by request of the sheriff, was in attendance and preserved the best of order. Nothing unusual occurred. The Rev. Mr. Bird was present with the prisoner for more than an hour before the execution, and states that he protested his innocence on bended knees in the most impressive and emphatic manner.

## Premeditated Murder of a Marshal.

[With Illustration and Portrait.]

KANSAS CITY, Mo., June 21.—On Sunday afternoon last the town of Westport, four miles south of this city and in the same county, was the scene of a cold-blooded and deliberate murder, of which Samuel Bucher, marshal of the town, was the victim, and William M. Gossard, a resident of Kansas City, the perpetrator. The latter is about twenty-five years of age, and had been employed as telegraph operator at the Coates House, a prominent hotel. Nothing derogatory to his character had appeared until Sunday, the first of June. On that day he hired a horse and buggy in this city, and, having imbibed freely, was driving at a rate that caused his arrest, and he was required to give bonds for his appearance. On being released he drove to Westport, where, having taken several drinks, he drove about in the same reckless fashion. Marshal Bucher, observing this, ordered him to halt, but he drove on. Bucher then threw his cane at him, the iron point of which, three inches in length, struck Gossard in the groin, inflicting a serious and painful wound which confined him to his bed for some days. When he recovered he found himself discharged on account of the publicity his spree had obtained. This fact with the injury inflicted by the marshal enraged him greatly against the latter, and feeding his angry feelings by continued intemperance, he determined to be revenged on Bucher. On Sunday last, having previously procured a revolver, he invited a friend named Hamilton to go riding with him. The latter knowing nothing of his intention, accepted the invitation and Gossard drove to Westport, when he inquired for the residence of Marshal Bucher. Proceeding according to the direction given him, he drove thither with Hamilton and asked to see the marshal. A son of the latter told him that his father was taking a nap, but called him at Gossard's request. The marshal appeared in his shirt sleeves and stepping up to the buggy reared his arm on the wheel, and inquired what was wanted. Gossard had some conversation with him and urged him to go to the hotel with him. The marshal turned his head to tell his son to bring him his coat, when instantly Gossard fired at him, the revolver being close to Bucher's head.

The unfortunate man fell to the ground, the blood pouring from the terrible wound. Gossard started to drive off but Hamilton seized the reins and overturned the buggy. Gossard sprang up and attempted to escape but was captured after a short chase and lodged in the county jail. Hamilton made no effort to escape, but was also jailed in supposition of being an accessory.

A lively row was lately produced in what is curiously called a "Salvation factory," at Leamington England, when a citizen attempted to take home his daughter, because he objected to her being put through such a mill at late hours of the evening. He was set upon and violently assaulted by the assembled salvation manufacturers.



## A DASTARDLY DEED.

**Atrocious Outrage upon Two Young Girls by a Youthful Ruffian who Terrified his Victims into Submission with a Revolver.**

DETROIT, Mich., June 20.—James Miller, aged about twenty, works at the Pullman Car Works and boards across the street from them. In the next house resides Henry Johr, an insurance agent, and next door beyond a Mrs. Mackroy and her daughter Louisa. On Sunday, June 1st, Jennie Johr, Louisa Mackroy, Miller and two half-grown boys went rowing on the river, and Miller having frightened the whole party by brandishing a revolver, forced them to land on a lonely spot on Belle Isle. He then made improper proposals to each of the girls, which they rejected. He next attempted to use force with Jennie Johr, who is seventeen years old, and failing in that, seized Louisa, dragged her into the bush and accomplished his desires.

The girls say that a swamp cut off a retreat to the south end of the island, and Jennie sat crying on the boat until Miller and Louisa emerged from the brush. Miller then

## SEIZED JENNIE A SECOND TIME

He threw her down and, frightening the others away with his pistol, succeeded in outraging her in the presence of both boys and Louisa. He then returned to the city in the boat with Jennie and one of the boys, while Louisa and the other boy made their way to the lower end of the island, and came home on an excursion boat. For nearly a month neither the girls nor the boys have mentioned the matter, deterred by fear of Miller, though during all the time they both have been confined to their houses by illness, and have had frequent fainting fits.

About half past six this morning Louisa opened her mother's trunk, armed herself with a revolver, and, concealing it in her dress, came out on the front steps. Miller was in the act of leaving his home to go to work, and upon Louisa calling to him he came to her. She said, "Why did you tell so-and-so that you seduced me and Jennie Johr?"

"THAT SUNDAY ON BELLE ISLAND?"

"I didn't tell anybody so. You lie," replied Miller with a sneer.

"Then take that," said Louisa, at the same time pointing a pistol and firing point blank at Miller's head. The young man was stunned for a moment, but quickly fled around the corner to Dr. Stewart's office, while Louisa took counsel with her mother and decided to give herself up to the police. About half past nine she left home for that purpose, but up to eight this evening nothing had been heard of her at police headquarters or at any of the station-houses.

The above statement was obtained from Mrs. Mackroy, Mr. and Mrs. Johr and other parties living in the two houses. Mr. Johr had Miller arrested on a charge of rape. Miller admits taking the girls to the island, making improper proposals, but denies the charge of violating their persons.

## Serious Charge Against a Police Officer.

Jennie Murray is in a Tombs cell in the department under the care of Matron Foster. She is a very dark brunette, scarcely sixteen years old, and her cheeks are of the healthful brown color indicative of country air and sunshine. She was arrested on Thursday night while she was wandering in the street. At sight of the policeman she screamed and ran away, and when he had caught her she entreated him not to kill her. She was greatly excited, and the officer took her to the Police Headquarters, where she was placed under the charge of Matron Webb. From that moment she became strangely sullen, and refused to answer questions. The sight of a policeman threw her into a state of nervous suffering. As she would not tell who she was, she was on Friday, the 20th, taken before Justice Flammer, who committed her as a vagrant. Matron Foster, into whose hands she fell at the Tombs, called the attention of Warden Finn to Jennie, who acted as though she was on the verge of insanity. Dr. Hardy, the Tombs physician, tried in vain to induce her to tell what ailed her, and Commissioner Cox, of the Department of Charities and Correction, looked into the matter, but was unable to gain a word from her. By his direction a woman prisoner was put into the cell with her, under instructions to get her story if possible. Jennie at length trusted this companion, and gave her a narrative of an outrage that had been perpetrated upon her by a policeman in uniform. She said she was sixteen years old, the daughter of an Ulster county farmer, came to this city to visit an aunt, whose house she failed to find till after dark, and that, while searching for it in fear through the streets, the police ruffian seized and outraged her.

Dr. Hardy ascertained that the girl had been shamefully maltreated.



EDWARD PAYSON WESTON, WINNER OF THE ASTLEY BELT, AND CHAMPION LONG DISTANCE PEDESTRIAN OF THE WORLD.—SEE PAGE 2.

## Fiendish Crime of a Brutal Husband.

[Subject of Illustration.]

LEAVENWORTH, Ind., June 19.—In Meade county, Ky., just across the river from this city, in a little log house, in plain view of the town, a terrible tragedy was enacted on the morning of the 15th, by one William Padgett, who, after a murderous assault upon his wife, Nancy, followed up his crime, when he supposed he had finished his victim, by cutting his own throat. Padgett was about forty-seven years old, his wife was a little younger. They have three children, Angeline, who is grown, Dick, half grown, and Mary, about ten. The boy came across the river this morning on an errand, remained a few minutes, and on his return found both father and mother lying on the floor insensible and weltering in blood. He returned immediately for help. The physicians found both alive, but terribly injured. The wife had her skull completely broken in with an ax.

The man had used a razor to make the fearful gash in his throat. He had not cut deep enough to make a fatal wound, however, unless inflammation sets in. He revived enough to talk a little later, and said he had killed Nancy and

WANTED TO MAKE HIS WILL.

The home surroundings were poor, but everything was very clean and neat. A glance into the one room of the house showed that the wife had commenced to get breakfast, for on the fire was a "skillet" cover up, and in a pan on the kitchen table was some "dough" made up ready to bake.

Angeline was in the back yard with the crowd. She was not weeping, but looked white and scared, and did not appear to comprehend the terrible thing that had come to them.

She was working out in the neighborhood, and her little sister was with her that night, so that none of the children were home when the awful deed was done.

When asked why her father had done the terrible deed, she answered, "I believe pap's crazy, and he's been mean as could be to mother anyhow. If I'd been home, I reckon

"HE'D A KILLED ME TOO."

"Were your mother and father quarreling before the occurrence?" was asked of Dick, the son.

"Yes, some. Pap came home away in the night. He'd been gone off nine weeks. This morning he was a jawing because Mary wasn't hum, and he said if it wasn't for mother he'd stay at home more. Then mother said she could go off. And I left 'em there a talking and went over after some coffee, and when I came back I found 'em that way," pointing into the room.

The opinion of most present was that he was partially insane.

Mrs. Padgett, after great suffering, died about four o'clock on the evening of the same day. There is intense excitement in the neighborhood over the affair, and were it not for the general belief that the murderer is insane, he would certainly have been lynched in real Crawford county style. There are many who do not believe that Padgett is insane, but are of the opinion that his ungovernable temper was the cause of the infernal assault.

## The Cox-Alston Murder Case.

ATLANTA, Ga., June 20.—For a month or so there has been pending in the superior court here a motion for a new trial in the case of Edward Cox, convicted for the murder of Colonel R. A. Alston. For one reason or another the hearing of the motion has been delayed until to-day. It has never been believed that Judge Hillyer would grant a new trial, as the first trial was regular in all respects, and there has been no newly discovered evidence of any importance. It has been intended, if the motion was denied, however, to appeal to the supreme court for an order setting aside the verdict of the court below, and ordering a new trial on the ground of error. The only claim of error is in the charge of Judge Hillyer, where, it is alleged, he misled the jury in several important particulars. This affair cannot be heard in the supreme court until about November. If a new trial is granted it cannot be had until next March, and if a new trial is denied, the sentence cannot be carried out until next March, when the judge must resentence. A long delay is thus secured in any event.

The only new evidence that is known to the public bears upon Cox's intent. Mr. Calhoun says he will swear, as I hear, that Cox told him on the morning of the killing that he would kill Bob Alston if he did not rescind that trade with Howard. The defense claims to have much more of important testimony, but are very secret with it. It is hard to see how a new trial will benefit Cox. He is now sentenced to life imprisonment. If the verdict is reduced to voluntary manslaughter, which is the most that can be hoped for, as impartial men think, the penalty is twenty years' imprisonment. As Cox is forty-four years of age, this sentence would be equivalent to a life-time sentence. Cox says that he would rather die than go to the penitentiary, and that death is better than disgrace. He is a very high-spirited man, and it is believed will never suffer the stripes to be put upon him. He is very confident that he will be acquitted if he can get a new trial.

Judge Hillyer, as had been expected, declined to grant a new trial, and the defense must now accept the verdict or go to a higher court. It is said that an appeal will be made to the supreme court, but the best opinion is that Judge Hillyer will not be reversed and that the verdict will stand. A delay until next March is secured. Cox looked well in court.

## Most Righteously Served.

Joseph Levy, one of the gang of "firebugs" that set fire to the tenement at 11 Ludlow street on the evening of the 10th of November last—the others, Isaac Perlstein, Abraham Freeman and Abraham Bernstein, are in state prison—stood on the 21st at the bar of the general sessions awaiting sentence. His once florid face was white and drawn, his eyes were fixed upon Judge Cowing's face, and he clutched the bar.

"Joseph Levy," Judge Cowing said, "you have been convicted of an atrocious crime. The evidence against you does not show that you applied the torch, but that you counselled with and advised those who

did. You were therefore properly convicted as an accessory, and the criminal law, so far as it relates to the crime of which you have been found guilty, makes no distinction between a principal and an accessory. The law gives me no discretion. It does not empower me to abate by even one day the dreadful, though fully deserved penalty that I am about to impose. The sentence of the court is that you be confined in state prison, at hard labor, for the remainder of your life." Levy's head fell back, his eyes wandered and he seemed about to fall to the floor. But officers pressed him down upon a chair, and supported him until he regained full consciousness. Levy is thirty-five years of age. He has a wife and children.



FREDERICK R. HYDE, CHARGED WITH A CRIMINAL ASSAULT UPON MRS. AUGUSTA GROSS; WEST PLAINFIELD, N. Y.



MRS. AUGUSTA GROSS, VICTIM OF THE ALLEGED OUTRAGE BY FREDERICK R. HYDE.



### A Bride Kidnapped by Her Parents.

EVANSVILLE, Ind., June 19.—William Nailor, aged twenty, and Elvira Virch, aged nineteen, who live six miles from this city, and both of whom are of good character, obtained license and were legally married last Tuesday. Nailor was a tenant on the farm of a man named Lockhear, and went there with his bride, where they passed the night.

Wednesday morning a storm broke on their new-found happiness. The bride's father and mother had heard of the marriage and went to Lockhear's in a towering passion, determined to separate them. The girl refused to go with them, when the old man seized her by force, and witnesses state her mother produced a revolver and kept the young husband and friends at bay, while the young wife was carried by her father to the wagon and driven off to the house she had left. The bride was there put under lock and key, and the fear of the revolver and the desire to keep the peace on the part of her friends put things in statu quo for Wednesday night, the girl remaining a prisoner and the husband a helpless protector.

This morning early Mr. and Mrs. Virch put their daughter in a wagon and carried her off to parts unknown. It is supposed by all interested that she was taken to relatives on Green river, where she will be placed under guard. The parents announced that they would return to-morrow, after placing her where she could not see or communicate with her husband. Legal measures will be taken against the parents.

### A Frightful Mexican Tragedy

[Subject of Illustration.]

In Chiuhua, Mexico, a woman went into a shoemaker's shop in front of his dwelling and was measured for a pair of shoes. The son of Crispin said to the woman, "You have a very pretty foot." "Do you think so?" said she. He replied, "Yes, that is the prettiest foot in Mexico." The woman was to come back next day and leave \$1, when the shoes were to be commenced. The shoemaker's wife, hearing all, said nothing. The next day the shoemaker was out when the woman with the pretty foot called, according to agreement, and the wife got her into the back room and stabbed her to death. The woman then cut a steak out of the dead woman's leg and packed the body under the bed. The shoemaker came home and ate his dinner. The wife asked him how he liked the meat. He answered that "it was the best he had ever eaten." The wife then told him that he had eaten part

of "the prettiest leg in Mexico." He asked her what she meant. She showed him the body under the bed, and made a dash at him with a knife, but he escaped and ran to the palace and told the judge what had happened. The judge summoned a guard of soldiers and went to the house. He asked the wife if she committed the murder, and when she answered yes and attempted to justify the act, he ordered her to be shot on the spot by the soldiers, and his orders were promptly obeyed.

### An Insane Mother's Touching Delusion.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A touching scene was recently presented in East Bridgeport, Conn. A lady resident of the place not long since lost her little child, the death of which drove the bereaved mother completely frantic, and finally unsettled her reason, it is feared, hopelessly. Her disordered mind was occupied entirely with thoughts of her dead babe, and at last, by one of those delusions which come, no doubt mercifully, to soothe the fevered brain of persons made insane by great

grief, she became possessed of the idea that a favorite cat was really her babe, and in her mental blindness she could see nothing to dispose of her of the fancy. She therefore dressed the animal in her dead infant's clothing, carries it about everywhere singing and using terms of motherly endearment to it, and caressing it with an earnest confidence in the delusion of her brain, which brings so much evident happiness to her bereaved heart that it not only deprives the scene of the ludicrous aspect it would otherwise present, but renders it touching to the most careless spectator.

### Killed by a Spider.

In Liberty county, Ga., Cuitano Rodrigues was several years ago bitten by a rabid dog. No evil consequence showed itself until a few days ago, when he was stung by a large spider on the forehead. The sting seemed to kindle the old virus in his system, and brought on fearful convulsions, accompanied by all the symptoms of hydrophobia.

### Exciting Thief Chase.

[Subject of Illustration.]

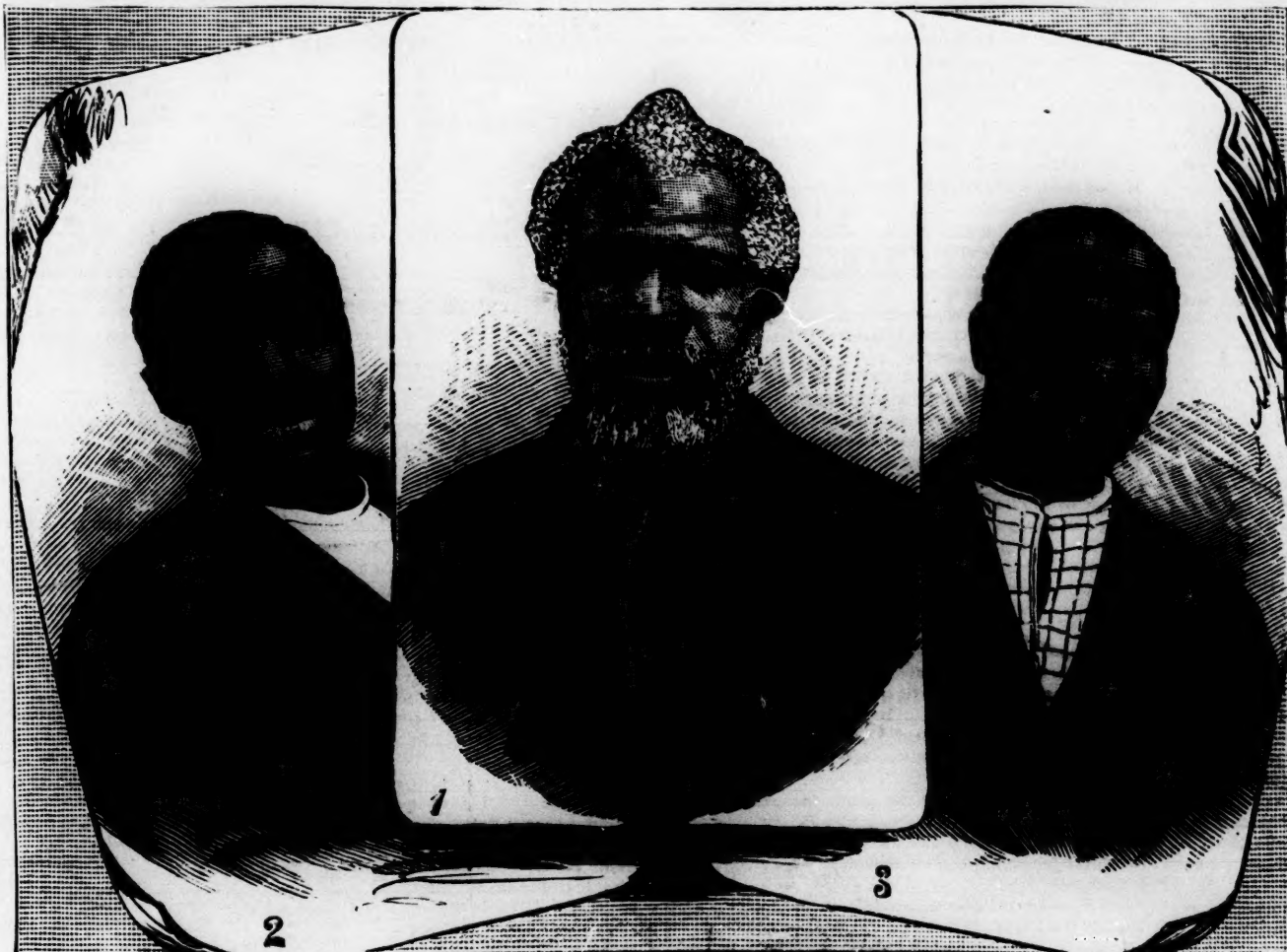
Two men appeared at the door of 336 First avenue on the 7th inst., and asked for a Mrs. Jackson. They entered the house, and going to the roof, climbed through the scuttle into the adjoining house, 334, when they opened the door of a room occupied by Alexander Grunebaum and stole property valued at \$300, including a gold watch and chain and \$150 in cash. Mrs. Grunebaum soon after discovered the robbery and informed the police. Captain Clinchy of the eighteenth precinct placed the case in the hands of officer Carey, who on the afternoon of the 20th saw on the corner of First avenue and Fourteenth street, James Lettrington, a well-known thief of 425 East 15th street, who had just come from the State prison. The officer collared him, but the prisoner wrenched himself away, and left a piece of his coat in the officer's hand. He ran to and up Second avenue. As he turned he drew a revolver from his pocket and pointed it at the officer, who in turn drew his revolver and fired, the ball striking a button on the back of Lettrington's pantaloons, and glancing off made a flesh wound.

He then turned and surrendered. He was taken to Bellevue Hospital, where his wound was considered so trifling that he was sent back to the station house. He was there identified as one of the men who entered the house 336 First avenue on June 7th.

### Blind but Good Fortune.

Charles Anderson and a lady got aboard the steamer Mary Powell at Rondout, N. Y. on the 21st. The lady turned pale and gasped out that she had lost her wallet. The steamer, which had already started, put back to the wharf and let Mr. Anderson get ashore. He hired a horse at a livery stable and overtook the stage that had brought him down to the river. In the bottom of the stage the wallet was found. It contained money and diamonds worth \$15,000. The lady regained her color when the property was again in her hands.

DECATUR, Ala., June 20.—There is wild excitement in St. Clair county over the brutal outrage of Mrs. Pope, a young married lady, near Springfield, by a negro. The same man attacked two white girls, but they escaped. The whole country is searching for the monster, and, if caught, speedy punishment will be dealt out.



A BATCH OF AFRICAN ASSASSINS.

1—Robert Jones, executed at Tarboro, N. C., June 25th, for the murder of Rudolph Eaton. (Photographed by E. S. Wormell, Tarboro.) 2—James Peyton, sentenced to be hung for the murder of Jacob Day, Washington, D. C.; commuted to life imprisonment by the President. 3—Peter Lewis, under ten years sentence as accessory to the Day murder.



OFFICER CAREY, IN PURSUIT OF A FLEEING JAIL-BIRD, IS FIRED UPON BY THE LATTER, BUT FINALLY BRINGS HIM TO A HALT, WITH A REVOLVER; NEW YORK CITY.



FRIGHTFUL CRIME OF A JEALOUS MEXICAN WIFE WHO MURDERS A GIRL WHOM HER HUSBAND HAD COMPLIMENTED, AND SERVES UP THE FLESH OF HER VICTIM FOR HIS DINNER.



## LEFT HER HOME;

OR,

## The Trials and Temptations of a Poor Girl.

BY BRACEBRIDGE HEMYNG, ESQ.

("JACK HARKAWAY.")

["Left Her Home," was commenced in No. 86. Back numbers can be obtained of any News Agent, or direct from the Publisher.]

Written expressly for THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE.  
CHAPTER IV.  
(Continued.)

The two plotters separated, Varnum returning to Lizzie's rooms and Jackson turning down a side street and walking towards Seventh avenue.

The neighborhood in which he found himself was a poor and squalid one: the houses, once comfortable dwellings, now seemed neglected, being used as ordinary tenements, and occupied apparently chiefly by negroes.

Bar-rooms and low basements "dives" abounded, while groups of rough-looking men, white and black, lounging about their entrances, indicated plainly enough the character of the people who patronized them.

Near the corner of Seventh avenue stood a house of more dilapidated appearance than any of its neighbors. It was an old three-story dwelling, of dingy brick, the entrance lower than the sidewalk, and everything about it speaking of poverty and squalor, if not of crime.

Jackson entered the open doorway without hesitation, and passed up the dirty stairs with the confident air of a man who knew his road, and to whom every step was familiar.

Reaching the third floor, he knocked in a peculiar manner at the door of the back room.

"Come in, whoever you are," said a hoarse voice, and Jackson opened the door softly, passed in quietly, closing and locking it after him.

"Hullo, I say," exclaimed the occupant of the room, "what the devil are you at?—oh, it's you, is it?" as he recognized his caller—"and what in blazes has brought you here, Joe Jackson? You never come near a fellow unless you want to use him. What's yer little game, damn you?"

The speaker was a man of perhaps thirty-five, although looking much older, for prolonged dissipation had seamed his face with its indelible marks and brought many a trace of silver among his shaggy, unkempt hair. His eyes were dark and piercing, and his whole appearance most unprepossessing. He was wretchedly dressed, and showed not the faintest sign of linen, either clean or otherwise.

The room was almost bare of furniture: an old mattress on the floor in a corner, a rickety table and two broken-down chairs comprising the entire outfit.

Jackson looked around the room with an expression of intense disgust, and then, drawing up one of the battered chairs, seated himself alongside the mattress on which the occupant of the wretched apartment was reclining—for he had not even taken the trouble to rise—smoking a dingy clay pipe, and looking contemptuously at the new arrival.

"Have you got through growling?" said Jackson, coolly, as he seated himself, "because if you haven't you'd better cut it short, for I'm in a hurry."

"Well, spit it out, then, if you've got anything to say," replied the other: "if it's biz you mean, let's have it, short meter."

"You're just right; it is business and no mistake," responded Jackson, "Jack, do you want to make fifty dollars?"

"Do I! Do I want to eat, or drink, or get out of this devilish hole?"

"Well, if you do, I'm your man. Can you obey orders and hold your tongue?"

"Try me."

"That's just what I'm going to do. You know Star Varnum?"

"Yes."

"He wants to get married."

"The devil! Well, what's that got to do with me?"

"For a little while, I mean."

"Oh, that's it, is it?"

"Yes, but the girl's devilish skittish, and it's got to be done on the square, do you understand?"

"You mean another bogus job, do you?"

"Exactly."

"And what part am I to play in this interesting little scheme?"

"That of the minister, of course."

"Then you'd better raise your figures, that's all."

"What do you mean?"

"Fifty dollars ain't enough."

"Make it a hundred."

"That's more like it; but I can't do the business in this rig."

"I'll attend to that. Is it a bargain?"

"You bet. When is it to be?"

"To-night, right away."

"Then there's no time to lose."

"You're right; so get up and let's get out of here at once. Come with me and I'll get you toggled out in an hour, and give you your instructions as we go along."

"All right. I'll be with you in three minutes."

In a few moments the two left the house and turned into Seventh avenue.

"You must have a clerical suit, white tie, clean shirt and a clean shave," said Jackson, as they walked along.

"Where shall we go?"

"Right down here to Ike's for all except the last," replied Jack: "as for that, I can get it anywhere."

"Get along, then."

"Here we are."

As he spoke he entered one of those second-hand clothing stores which seem to find a more congenial location in a certain part of Seventh avenue than anywhere else in the metropolis: places whose outward appearance reminds one of their counterparts in Saffron Hill, London.

Mr. "Jack" was evidently no stranger in the establishment.

A fat, greasy-looking Jew, whose little, bead-like eyes glistened with the anticipation of a good bargain, came forward to receive them.

"Ah, Mr. Vaters, vat can I do for you?" he said, rubbing his fatty hands together as if he had already clutched his prospective profits.

"The back room, Ike, and a light, and your charming society for a few minutes: that's all I want," responded Jack.

"Look alive now."

"This way, gentlemen," said Isaac, suddenly becoming obsequious as he noticed the fashionable dress and abundant jewelry of Jackson.

"Now, Ike," continued Jack, as they reached the back room, "bring me a shirt, a clean one, mind you; a white neck-tie and a suit of black clothes, clerical cut, you understand?"

"Ah, then it's the old business, Mr. Vaters?" said the Jew, with a curious glance at Jackson.

"Never mind what it is, old thousand per cent.: bring out the toggery in a hurry, that's all you've got to do."

"Of course, my dear boy, of course," and Isaac hastened to a closet, from which he quickly produced the articles asked for.

It took but a few moments to transform Jack-on's queer friend from a very tough specimen of the genius rounder into a decidedly seedy-looking clergyman, so far as his apparel went. Then the two scoundrels left the shop, leaving an equally infamous rascal behind them in the person of Master Ike.

"What next?" said the pseudo clergyman, looking complacently at his changed appearance.

"Follow me, and I'll soon tell you," replied Jackson, as they walked rapidly towards Sixth avenue.

"Well, go ahead with your funeral."

"Listen, then. Go and get shaved, get your hair cut, and get yourself up as sanctimonious as possible; then go to Parker's, order some supper and wait for me. Here, there are ten dollars on account. Mind you don't drink anything, or you'll be sure to upset the whole racket."

"Don't worry yourself, my son, business is business, and I'll be as straight as a string."

"All right, then. By the way, what am I to call you?"

"The Reverend Thomas Luyster, D. D., &c., &c."

"That'll do first rate, be ready in an hour."

"Sure."

And the conspirators parted, Jackson to report his success to Varnum, and the Reverend Thomas Luyster to prepare himself for the little drama in which he was to play the leading part.

When Jackson reached Lizzie's rooms he found that young lady and Star Varnum, having finished supper, discussing the situation over a bottle of wine. Through the open door of the next room he could see Fanny lying up on the bed, evidently fast asleep.

Her pallor and the dark circles around her eyes indicated plainly enough the mental agony which the poor girl had suffered.

"Well," said Star Varnum, anxiously, as Jackson entered, "is it all right, is everything arranged?"

"My part is all right, but how about yours?" and Jackson pointed to the sleeping girl.

"Oh, she has come to her senses at last, and consented to become Mrs. Varnum," said the other, with a cynical laugh.

"To-night?"

"Yes, you must have the reverend gentleman here in an hour's time. I want to let the girl sleep as long as possible, but Lizzie will rouse her before you get back."

"Then I'd better go after his holiness at once!"

"Yes, it's now nearly ten o'clock, have him here in readiness at half past the hour, but don't bring him upstairs until I summon you."

"All right, I understand," and Jackson departed on his mission.

On entering Parker's he found Jack snugly ensconced in a corner, having finished his supper, and emptied the greater part of a bottle of wine.

"Confound it, man," said Jackson, angrily, as he sat down near him, "you've been drinking in spite of what I told you."

"Pooh, just a few swallows to brace me up a little for the solemnity; you needn't worry, I'm as sober as a bartender, and all ready for business."

"There's no hurry for half an hour yet, but we may as well walk down the street a little ways and smoke a cigar."

"I'm with you, as Shikspur says, 'Lead on, I'll follow thee.'"

As they passed out through the brilliantly lighted saloon, Jackson cast an approving glance over his friend's get up, and marvelled, not for the first time, at the wonderful facility with which Jack could assume any disguise, and not merely assume it, but sustain the part with the skill of a practiced actor. For this occasion he was dressed in a well-worn suit of black, of clerical cut; his high collar was of the most severe degree of stiffness, and his ministerial white tie would have done credit to Talma.

He had donned a pair of blue-gray spectacles, and altogether was a perfectly satisfactory representative of a poor parson of the Methodist persuasion.

"You've done the trick well this time, Jack," said Jackson, looking at him admiringly, "no one would take you for anything less than a D. D. at the very least."

"Yes," replied Jack, complacently, "I think this tog-out will rather knock the cold with awe, if not with admiration, and see," drawing something from his pocket as he spoke, "here's a blank certificate, all ready to be filled up."

"But see here, Jack," exclaimed Jackson, with some hesitation in his manner, "I don't know about that; I don't believe Star will want any nonsense of that kind."

"Well, he'll have to put up with it, whether he wants it or not; why, the girl is sure to demand it, women always do in such cases, and it wouldn't do to be unprepared, might give the whole thing away."

"Perhaps you're right," said Jackson, doubtfully, "but come, it's time we were there."

On reaching the house in which Lizzie's rooms were situated, they found Star Varnum waiting impatiently at the door.

"I thought you were never coming," he said, angrily, "there's no time to lose, for the girl may change her mind any minute. Come up-stairs and get the thing over as quick as possible."

The three confederates hurried up-stairs and entered Lizzie's rooms. Lizzie was bustling around in a state of great excitement, while Fanny sat in an easy chair looking pale and worn, but her eyes shining with an unusual brightness, and strangely dilated. She, too, seemed excited and nervous and acted much like a person under some unnatural influence.

The truth was that Lizzie, fearing Fanny might withdraw from the promise that had been wrung out of her, to marry Varnum at once, had persuaded her to drink several glasses of wine, and had hounded the liquor, so that the unfortunate girl was really hardly conscious of what she was doing. Her head was in a whirl, she alternately burned with fever and shivered with cold, and it was in this condition that she was about to give herself to a man for whom she had neither love nor liking.

Star Varnum entered the room, closely followed by Jackson and the bogus clergyman.

The latter was hastily introduced to Fanny and Lizzie as the Rev. Thomas Luyster, and at a word or two from Varnum and Lizzie, Fanny stood up and the ceremony was proceeded with.

It was extremely brief, and the "reverend" gentleman had no sooner pronounced the closing words than he hastened with great formality to fill out the certificate. Handing it to the supposed bride, he muttered some commonplace about future happiness and the like, and turned to go.

At this moment Fanny, who had made the responses in an almost inaudible voice, gazing straight before her with eyes that seemed to have no comprehension of what they saw, suddenly reeled and fell in a dead faint to the floor.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## GLIMPSSES OF GOTHAM.

## Flashing along among the Sleek-groomed Speeders on the Road.

## A DRIVE WITH EMELINE.

## While at Lunch She Tells of how Betting Points are Got.

## THE JAUNT HOME.

BY PAUL PROWLER.

[Written expressly for THE POLICE GAZETTE.]

All of New York city is not to be found at Long Branch, Saratoga, or Newport. I am still at my metropolitan apartments where I shall be most happy, etc.

You would have agreed with me, that there was still some one in town if you had driven out on the road with Emeline, as I did the other afternoon. Ye, the mysterious woman has returned, the cobra in natty silks and raving hats has turned up, I am once more a chippy bird.

A letter summoned me to the Mile. Triquet fashion establishment, and there I found my Fate, looking very lovely as she tried in vain to open a small bottle of wine, that seemed from appearances to be the second.

She gazed at me beseechingly and then humbly said: "Paul—you try. I'll get another glass."

My answer was Napoleonic, grand and gloomy at once. I said in my most tragic tones—

"Fair Enslaver, I hear but to obey, I'll wait the head off that bottle or break a strap."

After he had taken the wine and eaten a biscuit, this most fascinating woman said—

"Mr. Prowler, you must take me for a drive this afternoon, I am now deeply interested in horses."

"Ah! yes," I interrupted with an affecting indifference, "you belong to some stable or other, I believe."

"I do, and it is my intention to add the auction sales of valuable animals—"

"Owned by gentlemen leaving the city. Brand new buggies, etc., must be sacrificed."

"Precisely, it is my intention to add this business to my furniture transactions. I find that regular trade is dull, and it is absolutely necessary to make a raffle. You bet on 'Grasshopper' as I told you?"

"I did."

"Good—bet against him next week, he is going to be 'pulled.' And now come for me here like a good fellow in about an hour. I want to study the horseflesh on the road. While you are hiring a wagon I'll take a sleep in this steamer chair."

Throwing herself languidly into the luxuriously upholstered chair, she smiled upon your humble servant and closed those blue eyes in as peaceful slumber as if they had never critically examined a piece of smuggled lace.

I got a neat trap, and was on hand; Emeline had touched up her toilette, and seemed as fresh as Venus when she rose from the sea.

On second thought Venus couldn't have been fresh, rising from salt water. She must have been pickled. But Emeline looked as radiant as the Goddess of Love appears in the pictures of the event, and that idea is all I need to express.

Up Fifth avenue, its brown-stone fronts frowning on us; its churches where be-diamonded sinners worship in plush covered pews towering above us. As we passed the Windsor Hotel a gentleman bowed to Emeline.

"Who is that suspicious looking character," asked I, cutting the legs off a fly that had alighted upon the horse's high ear.

"That very estimable gentleman," replied Emeline, squeezing three lemons into her answer, "is also a member of our stable. He is looking after some horses shipped in box stalls from Kentucky."

"Thought I saw a curry-comb handle sticking out of his coat pocket," was my reckless response.

"Perhaps he may be a groom soon, for all I know," she whispered archly, looking demurely at me.

That made me mad. The idea of a blue-grass whisky sampler daring to aspire to Emeline's hand! So I fetched the rattling mare I was driving a smart cut across the flanks, and settled down to passing a tandem team that had been annoying me with its yellow collars and jingling harness.

I was soon in good humor again. You can't stay angry long while driving through the park, a pretty woman by your side, a fast horse before you, and the magnificent scenery unrolling like a double panorama as you dash along. At one moment a glimpse of smooth, rolling sward; at another a peep into a bosky glen; then a mass of rock with warm-tinted flowers clambering over it; and beyond a sheen of silver where the gaily painted boats dances upon the lake.

"Get me a rose Paul."

"It's against the law, the Park police will—"

"Get me a rose, Paul—I'll hold the reins."

That settled it. I became Claude Duval in a moment. Simply seeing that none of the sparrow police were in sight, I jumped out and cut her off a dozen. Had an officer stopped me then, that moment would have been his last.

I tell you the chippy bird has ferocious moments which the ordinary naturalist never dreamed of.

On, upon the hard Boulevard, with the Harlem river on one side and the elevated railroad trestle-work, looking like a red iron straddle-bug, upon the other. Here I had two or three bursts of speed, easily passing some nobby turn-outs, and getting a round of applause as I dashed by Lambert's, the mare well in hand, and trotting like a machine, with no more signs of break in her than there is in the bank of England.

Presently there was a scattering of vehicles to the right and left, and a general clearing of the road up and down. A double team went by like an eight-legged comet, the reins firmly held by a gentleman with bushy side-whiskers who wore blue glasses, I bowed.

"Do you know that gentleman?" asked Emeline, "Who is he?"

"Why that's Bill."

"Billy who?"

"Don't you know—why W. H. himself."

"Whose W. H.?"

"Why, the governor—the old man—W. H. V."

"Paul Prowler, answer me sensibly. What is his name?"

"Vanderbilt."

Over the bridge, and I stopped a moment at Gabe Case's to get a drink. Emeline didn't get out but managed a brandy cocktail, as if she had met one before, and knew the precise uses to which they were put.

Then we bowled along to Judge Smith's, where we lunched.

I have eaten whitebait at Greenwich in England; I have had cat-fish and waffles at the Falls of Schuylkill, Phila-

delphia; I have consumed immense quantities of potatoes fried by Moon heat on Saratoga Lake, but I think no lunch tastes so well as that you have upon the road. You have had an invigorating drive, and the appetite is there. Seated at a breezy window you gaze out upon a scene that is never dull.

There was a smash-up directly in the middle of the road shortly after we got there. It was grand. No one was hurt, but the two buggies looked as if a pilot of the National Line had steered the Italy into them.

By the way, what a nice sort of nautical plum that pilot must have been. Guess he was full of bay rum.

While the lunch was preparing I walked into the bar, of course, and asked the bar-tender if he thought it would rain. Finding that his opinion was toward dry weather I tried some more "Ancient Thomas Gin," and ordered another brandy cocktail for the fair one in the parlor. She fled it away immediately.

It was a grand lunch. A nice bit of fish, some salad, a tenderloin steak, green peas, etc., and a quart bottle. We took our time, and it was while at table that she told me about her trip west. It appears that some friends of this strange character own race horses, and she regularly attached herself to the stable during the time it took to make the southwestern circuit.

What did she do? What were her duties?

She was a spy in the enemy's camp, a fair siren whose blandishments were exerted to gain points, a little witch who turned her knowledge into pool tickets, who got straight tips that were straight, by simply using her blue eyes and white shoulders, and then gave them away to her backers. She told me also that every stable has its attendant beauties, that there are women in New York who do nothing else but gather facts about any contest that is not going to be square, or who, at least, ascertain whether it will be square or not. This information is all obtained naively, the service rendered being akin to the log-rolling performances of handsome lobbyists in Washington.

"But, my dear girl," I said, "men who run horses and get up walking matches don't give themselves away for nothing."

"They do in this case," she replied, tapping her chin with her fan.

What a fool I was. Of course they do. If I had the combination to the safe in which reposed the keys of Paradise and Emeline asked me for it, Emeline would be jingling those keys.

After lunch, this cold-blooded beauty and your friend Mr. Prowler, who was at first horrified at the confessions she made, and then enthusiastic over the shrewdness of the tricks practiced, drove on up as far as Jerome Park and then turning met the full tide of travel flowing from the city. The road is certainly the place to see "gallus" New York, the flash, sporting element, and solid old conservatives all mixed up in a horsey melange.

It is a bright, varied picturesque scene of which I would never tire. I like the road houses, and even feel an affection for the "niggers" who run out to take your animal under the shed, and who catch the coin you toss them with a grin and a flash of teeth that suggests suddenly taking down the shutters of an ivory store.

I like the snug bars with the racing pictures and two old sports in a corner, drinking hot grog and quarrelling like pirates over whether Patchen, Jr., made a mile in 2:19 or 2:19½ on a certain date.

The places smell of horse. There are whips behind the bar, and blankets everywhere. The road is in a steady uproar. Spurt succeeds spurt, "Hi, there!" and "Houpla!"—such are the blood-stirring exclamations one hears constantly. Then the delicious runaway, and the charming smash-up.

The student of human nature will find the road pan out well with material. All kinds are here. The millionaire merchant driving his latest purchase to a light wagon, the fast young clerk whirling a painted girl by in a cloud of dust, the jog-trotting establishment of a minister or doctor, and the ungroomed team of the truck farmer.

The specimens I admire most are those fellows in the linen dusters and silk caps, who have black mustaches and sit with their backs in a bow. The wagon only holds them, and the horse's tail is almost in their laps. They are solemn; never smile. Every day they don a long linen duster and drive out, but repetition of the occurrence does not make it any less a duty that should be gone about in a slow and sedate manner.

They know just how to come up to a hotel porch, shaving the step with their spider-spoked wheel, and telling the dinky, "don't you give that mare no bloody water now, do you hear?" And it is with the professional air of the roadster that they take their straight whisky. Their style is the despair of all the stable boys. Emeline watched this class keenly, and indicated one or two that she knew, explaining that they made a business of fixing up sick horses for quick sales. More villainy.

"It's a fact," said Emeline, "unless you are up in the business and know the points of a horse clear through, these varnishers will fool you. They make the eye bright, the skin smooth and can even put fire and spirit for a short burst of speed into a nag that will go dead lame and turn up foundered on your hands within a fortnight after purchase. What can you do? Nothing. You trade the horse back, with so much cash for another one if you care to risk another bargain in that quarter, or you do the same thing elsewhere."

As the cool breeze came blowing out of the park to meet us on the Boulevard it seemed inexpressibly delightful. The lights began to glimmer among the trees at the edge like huge fire-flies. Shadows crept about us.

"It seems strange to me," said Emeline, after a pause, during which we were bowling along beneath the overarching canopy of green, "that men do not bring their wives out for a drive. There goes a young broker I know, and he has got a very loudly-dressed woman with him who is not his wife."

"That is highly improper," I answered.

"Now people certainly take us for a staid married couple," she resumed, with a merry laugh.

I denied that, and told her I was entirely too polite and attentive to be her husband. And with this light badinage we drifted along until Mount St. Vincent was reached. Yes, she would have an ice, and so I drove up and came the roadster dodge over the negro in grand style. We sat out on the balcony. The Westchester part of the city, climbing the distant hills in lines of fire seemed at our feet. You could just detect the Harlem by its silver-gray gleam between the dark banks.

The supper rooms back of us were brilliantly lit, and some one was softly touching a piano. Suddenly Emeline pressed my arm and pointed through the glass door to a gentleman and lady dining. She was decidedly pretty, but a little flustered with wine. The man seemed sober and calculating.

"It's a good joke on the broker we passed," whispered Emeline.

"How so?"

"That's his wife. They haven't been married long and she feels neglected. In steps this gentleman, and the devil draws the champagne cork."

"What if the husband should come back?"



I watched the beautiful young wife take still another glass, and saw how unnaturally vivacious she was as she passed out. Her escort was whispering to her. Ah, me—it was only a drama of the road.

#### VICE'S VARIETIES.

At Grayville, Ill., on the night of the 21st, John Leasure shot and mortally wounded Joseph Staggs. The ball entered the right nipple, passing through the body. The cause was whisky and women. Leasure escaped.

MICHAEL BOURKE stabbed Benjamin Frasier twice in the abdomen, on the night of the 21st, at Lancaster's cooper-shop, South Wheeling, W. Va. City Sergeant Sweeney arrested Bourke. The wounded man is not expected to live. Bourke is sixteen years old and Frasier seventeen. They quarreled about a foot race.

At New Castle, Pa., on the 21st, Kinland Campbell was sentenced by Judge Bredino to nine years solitary confinement in the penitentiary for rape on the person of Miss Anna Pany, of Hurrican, Pa., who was visiting at the house of Campbell's son-in-law, last April. Campbell is an old resident of New Castle. The trial attracted much attention.

For some time past Patrick Burk and wife, residents of Irishtown, Cleveland, Ohio, have not lived happily, through Patrick's jealousy. Some days since the wife left her husband and went to her father's. On the night of the 22nd, the wife's brother, O'Bragan, came to Burk's to talk the matter over, with a view to a settlement. Hot words followed, and at length a scuffle, during which Burk drew a revolver and shot O'Bragan in the side, seriously and probably fatally injuring him. O'Bragan staggered home and Burk gave himself up to the police and asked to be immediately hanged.

At Memphis, Tenn., on the 19th, the jury in the case of John J. O'Brien, defendant, in a suit for \$5,000 damages for the seduction of Miss Lizzie Voss, were charged by Judge Flippin, and were absent only ten minutes from the court-room, bringing in a verdict of \$3,000 damages against the defendant. This, while it cannot restore the ruined girl her good name, at least mitigates her offense, since she swore at the trial that her ruin was accomplished under the pretense of marriage. Public sentiment has been against O'Brien ever since the affair was given publicity by the suicide of the girl's father.

The trial of Joseph Murphy, aged twenty-two years, for trying to kill Officer Patrick Mallon, of the Thirty-first street police of this city, on May 31st, by shooting, ended on the 24th in a conviction. The statement of the officer was corroborated by two or three witnesses. For the defense it was claimed that the prisoner was the victim of wanton persecution, owing to having served a term in prison. When the jury returned it was learned that before counsel had been assigned him the prisoner had offered to plead guilty. Judge Gildersleeve sentenced him to state prison for six years, his Honor at the same time remarking that the police as well as other citizens ought to encourage returned convicts who profess a wish to reform; but in this case the officer did not do it.

The trial of Hilaire Latrimouille, at Albany, N. Y., indicted for the murder of Catharine Dunsbach in Watervliet, N. Y., on April 5, is near conclusion. Mr. Stevens finished his summing up in behalf of the prisoner on the 25th, having spoken over twelve hours. In the afternoon Mr. Stevens was taken ill, and his associate continued the plea in his absence. Hon. Henry Smith summed up for the people on the 26th. The prosecution have sworn fifty-two witnesses and the defense twenty-eight. James J. McGuire, the young man who gave the most important testimony in behalf of the prisoner, disappeared Saturday, 21st, and although diligent search has been made no trace of him can be found. An attachment has been issued and McGuire will be punished when found.

PHILADELPHIA was the scene of another horrible wife murder on the afternoon of the 21st. In this case the victim was Mrs. Ann O'Sullivan, the mother of eight children, the eldest being sixteen years old, and the youngest twelve months. The murderer, Dennis O'Sullivan, is a hatter by trade, and lives in Liethgow street. Both husband and wife have been intemperate at times and have quarreled considerably. On this occasion O'Sullivan was shaving and ordered his wife to bring him a towel. She threw the towel at him spitefully and he ordered her to hand it to him, "like a lady." She would not and angry words ensued, when O'Sullivan procuring an old dull razor full of nicks, seized his wife by her hair and gashed her throat and arms with it, inflicting wounds from which she died in half an hour. The murderer made no attempt to escape.

A shocking murder was perpetrated in St. Louis just before dark, on the evening of the 19th, in the French quarter of the city. A hard-working woman was bending over the wash-tub when the assassin crept up behind, drove a knife to the hilt into her back and departed as mysteriously as he had come. The poor woman in her death agony staggered to the door of her house, caught up her child, a girl of seven years, carried her two doors above to the house of her sister, Miss Jannie Jeantelle, said to her, "I am killed; take care of my child," and fell down and died. The victim was Mrs. Erb. She had no enemy save a brute from whom she had been divorced and who had often threatened her life. This was William Henry Erb, a German who trundles a hand-cart for a living. He was soon after apprehended and lodged in jail, and at first stoutly denied the deed, remarking defiantly that no one saw the blow struck and it could not be proved on him. On the following day, however, finding the evidence so overwhelming against him, he doggedly admitted his guilt.

LATE on Friday afternoon, 20th, an affray occurred in a disreputable place, in Terre Haute, Ind., that at first was supposed to be a simple case of assault and battery, but it proves to have been a murder. Two brothers, Jonathan and Edward Cooper, who travel over that section of the country, Gypsy fashion, accompanied by all their families, were in camp across the Wabash River for several days previous, trading horses. On Friday, 20th, they were in the city and visited Jockey alley, where horse dealers congregate. They were in a low saloon, where they were seen by a colored man named Albert Evans, who was sitting in a chair there. It appears that about two years ago a colored man named Bunch assaulted Jonathan Cooper in that same saloon for challenging his vote and Cooper thought Evans was the same man, but, being informed of the error, he good-naturedly told Evans of his mistaken supposition, but Evans said he was able to take up a fight for Bunch and quietly knocked Edward Cooper down with a chair, and then fled. He was quickly caught and taken before the mayor and fined, and sent to the station-house for assault and battery, both the Coopers appearing as witnesses. They then started on horseback for their camp. On their way Edward complained of dizziness and fell from his horse, but was able to reach his tent, where he died soon after. It was then found that his skull had been badly fractured. It was a wonder how he had lived so long. He leaves a wife and seven children, aged from three months to nine years. It was a pitiful sight to see them. Evans has been indicted for murder.

#### WATINGS FROM THE WINGS.

The Murder in Texas—Edwin Booth's Wish. Whereabouts of Professionals—City Notes. A Religious View of "Pinafore."

They shoot you quick in Texas, but there the rapidly ends. Justice is slow. The case of James Currie, charged with the murder of the actor, Ben Porter, was called at Marshall, that state, June 23rd, and then adjourned until December to allow witnesses for the defense to appear who are to swear that the shooting was justifiable. This, too, in face of affidavits to the effect that no one save Barrymore, Porter, Miss Cummins, Currie and the proprietor of the restaurant was present at the time. But it is Texas law. The witnesses were all notified to appear at the next session of the court. The state was represented by W. W. Spivy, district attorney; W. K. Pope, county attorney; J. B. Simpson, of Dallas, and W. and W. A. Stedman: the defendant by Turner and Lipscomb. A. Pope and C. Crain, of Shreveport. Miss Cummins is still very ill, but, thanks to the noble and stirring appeal of the *Dramatic News*, is out of immediate pecuniary difficulties.

While speaking of shooting, I will take occasion to say that I do not think it was at all necessary for Edwin Booth to flippantly express his hope that Grey, who fired at him, will die in prison, since if he does not the great tragedian will not value his life, after the young man's release, at a rush. I will admit that, under similar circumstances, I would hope the same way; but we needn't give newspaperial expression to all we think.

Appropos of the Texas trial the Philadelphia *Times* gives this description of the deplorable condition of Miss Cummins: "No sooner does she close her eyes than the most terrible dreams assail her. In these nightmares despair at being unable to escape from some threatening pistol or the bodies of half a dozen people bathed in blood are the prominent and horrible features. Frequently at night she springs, screaming, from her bed, and, still sleeping from very exhaustion, rushes through her room until awakened by her attendant." The brute Currie may have a double murder to answer for yet.

Dion Boucicault says the profession is going to the devil. Can he intend leaving it?

McKee Rankin and Kitty Blanchard, his wife, are spending a sensible summer upon their island stock farm.

Mrs. E. L. Davenport is at Minnequa; Charles Thorne, Jr., at Cohasset, Mass; Miss Maggie Mitchell, Miss Mary Anderson, Mr. Frank Chanfrau, Mr. John Brougham and Miss Jane Coombs are at Long Branch; John Gilbert, Lawrence Barrett, Miss Agnes Booth and James Lewis have gone to their summer homes at Manchester-on-the-Sea, Mass.

The Fryer "Fatanitza" people are at the Boston Museum.

Jeffreys-Lewis-Maitland has tried to blow out the candle of life by turning on the gas.

Lancaster & Magin's play of "Conscience" was very well done by amateurs on the occasion of the benefit performance at the Broadway for the Soldiers' and Sailors' Monument fund. There were three generals in the cast.

At home Sarah Bernhardt is perfect, but writing from London, the correspondent of the *Monitor* gives her the devil. He says she rants, shrieks, gesticulates wildly and rattles in her throat.

I can't see how there can ever be a great tragedienne with such a sugar-plum name as Bessie Darling.

On last Tuesday Booth's Theatre was opened for a performance for the benefit of St. Stephen's Home.

Albani (Mme. Ernest Guy), couldn't sing one night recently in London. The baby gave a spirited concert at home.

Tom Whiffin says people don't see any fun now-a-days in "Pinafore." They don't in Havana, that's certain.

Charley Backus says he is half owner in a sixteen months' old infant and that is the reason he sings "Baby Mine" with such expression. It's an open question when Backus sings—very open.

The white whale is dead, and Asher Mills of the Aquarium is in mourning.

"Somebody asked Dick Hooley, of Chicago, the meaning of the term 'Megatherian,' the title of his new minstrel organization of fifty star performers. 'Oh,' said Dick, 'the Megatherium was an old time roarer that used to go out on the road every morning and eat half a dozen raw mastodons for breakfast, and then picked his teeth with the tusk of a rhinoceros. He was a very healthy critter, and soon cleared the country of mastodons and other troublesome insects.'—*Coney Island Surf*.

A religious paper, the *Presbyterian*, goes Raven over "Pinafore" in the following manner. The story is of a young girl who sees the theatre goers from a street car window:

"Thus I sat, my course defining; all my heart and mind inclining  
Just to see all that there in is, and the mystery explore  
Of where lay the great attraction, or what caused the wild distraction  
Of the hosts that visit nightly, crowding 'round the open door.

All to hear gay 'Pinafore.'"

But at last, having consulted the Bible, she comes to a conclusion in this manner:

"Open now I laid the volume, scanning each familiar column,  
Seeking aid to guide my erring mind, as oft I'd done before—  
Aid to teach me what behavior best would please a loving Savior.

And I found it; yes, I found it, what I needed, and far more,  
To convince me fully, truly, it was wrong to long ever more  
For the scenes of 'Pinafore.'"

I consider this a fair sample of churchly rot, the kind of stuff that disgusts any man possessing two ideas.

MARQUIS OF LONGSETTE.

At Manitowoc, Wis., on the 21st, John Runge, recently arrested and brought there from Chicago on the charge of forgery, pleaded guilty to the charge and was sentenced by the court to eighteen months at hard labor in the state prison.

#### CITY CHARACTERS.

##### THE DOG CATCHER.

A Very Seasonable, Useful, but Objectionable Young Man.

BY COLONEL LYNN.

[Written expressly for the POLICE GAZETTE.]

Now I shouldn't like to be a dog catcher a bit. There isn't a phoe of his adventurous, exciting, varied life that could tempt me from the quiet of my existence. And this in full view of the fact that his position has the glamour of politics about it.

Probably a dog catcher in New York is one extreme of that line of which the president is the other.

The pay is good. In a time like this when the vagabond dog abounds in immense quantities (thirty cents a head is not to be despised). The probability of being able to pick up the redeemed dogs a second time, by tact and a judicious watching of the neighborhood, adds to the emolumentary value of the berth, and may be looked upon as one of its natural perquisites.

I came near writing that purp-quisites.

You mustn't imagine for a moment that the fact of your having a dog licensed saves him from the grasp of this week's hero. That is a delusion and a snare. It is eminently right that you should pay the city \$2 and something odd for the privilege of running a dog, but that has nothing to do with the catcher.

He hasn't been paid anything yet, has he? No—and so he picks up the canine pet before it could bite Jack Robinson, were that mythical gentleman around, whips of its collar, and has it in among the democratic garbage box dogs in the space of time generally supposed to be required by an alert and athletic lamb for the wagging of its tail twice.

There is no harm done. You simply go down to the pound, at the foot of Sixteenth street, East River; get sunstruck on the way, pay your money, and come away with your dog.

If the building they are erecting alongside the dog-pound at this writing, is permitted to be used for the purpose the assine Board of Health intended it, you may also bring back a case of small-pox or some other cheerful disease.

The pound does not reflect credit upon the city—not an ounce of it. It is a low, red, two-story building, put up in a hurry, originally upon the very ground occupied by the temporary hospital I refer to. They are not ten feet apart. Mr. John McMahon is pound-master, and his intentions toward the dogs are the best in the world. Unfortunately he is hampered at the City Hall, and vital reforms in his charnel house suggested by the S. P. C. A.—reforms which would cost but a few dollars—are never made. He does the best he can, watching keenly that the dogs are not doubled up on him, and superintending personally, with a most expensive smile of philanthropy, the watery death of the brutes.

My pet dog catcher, whom I have known now for several seasons is a stout, chunky fellow, with round head, short hair, and a scar under his eye. I believe he is very expert, managing sometimes to catch all the dogs which some other fellow has already caught. I allude, of course, to a direct reprisal, a piratical descent upon the board. In these episodes of his trade he shows those fine fighting qualities which have made him the pride of his ward, and induced one or two of its capitalists to assert boldly that he can get away with and chew up an ambitious and rather forward lager-beer keg tosser of Guttenberg.

The affair is to be a very select one, and if I should yield to the fascination of the idea I will report it for the *GAZETTE*. If I am arrested I shall simply exclaim with Nathan Hale that my only regret is that I have but one life to lose for my country.

Mike—his name's Mike, you know—has been bitten 587 times. This was the score last Wednesday. If he's been steadily at work since, it will be safe to add a hundred fresh scars. When I asked him if he was not afraid of hyphophobia, he laughed at me, and taking some loose sulphur from his pocket sprinkled it over the freshest wound.

I think that in Mike's case the imaginative qualities are not properly developed. If he ever read anything about hyphophobia he's forgotten it, and since he seldom sees water in any shape, I am afraid that he wouldn't know it well enough to shudder at the regular times.

See the difference in men. If a mangy cur bit me I'd be as mad as thunder.

Mike is not a plebeian dog-catcher now, although he started in the business at the bottom of the ladder. What I wish to express is that he farms his district out, paying fifteen cents a head for such dogs as his sub-agents bring him.

All Mike has to do is to sit in his favorite beer saloon and wait until he has a load. Then he drives down to the pound, yanks the whelps out of the wagon, pockets his money and returns to his game of casino, and his schooner. Whenever his trusty representatives hear of a rival catcher having a nice lot of material in his cellar, or his back-parlor, or anywhere he may choose to keep them, a descent is made upon the same. The thieves know that Mike asks no questions, but pays his money out like a nobleman.

Occasionally he indulges in a bit of fancy work that requires the hand of the master. He knows that at such and such a number there is a pretty sly-terrier, licensed regularly, one of those aristocratic dogs that are carried from the door-stoop to the carriage so as to prevent them getting malaria in their paws. He lays for that dog, and in time is rewarded by seeing it standing in the open doorway looking out upon a world where there are millions of human beings not one hundredth part as tenderly cared for as it.

Mike is a revolutionist and hates these pampered pups. He makes one bolt, seizes the animal, and is away like the Arab, while the mistress, being acquainted with the news, which falls upon her just as heavily as the intelligence of the Prince Imperial's death did upon Eugenie, imitates the Empress in a swoon.

It is a candid fact that there are cultured ladies in New York who care as much for a sore-eyed poodle as they do for their children almost, and I have heard one express herself as perfectly willing to bury her pet in the same plot with her babe.

The sore-eyed poodle seized by our friend is not taken to the pound, where it is only worth 30 cents after being stripped of its collar. If it was, the carriage of the owner would soon be seen at the building, and the \$3 redemption money would be speedily forthcoming. Mike sends two messengers to the house; one to stipulate for the dog's return, on the payment of \$2—a compromise gladly accepted by the broken-hearted woman who has been circling through all the phases of hysteria since her loss.

And one to steal the dog again at the first opportunity. So you see that dog catching is not altogether an unprofitable business. It enables Mike to appear on Sundays in a shiny black suit, and Avenue A derby hat which he wears on one side of his head while he draws on his par-taga, and tells of bloody fights he has seen between bull-dogs.

I remember one of his cheerful stories is about a dog that wouldn't let go the throat of his antagonist even after they had cut off his tail and his legs, although for the life of me I never could see what could have been the utility of letting go then.

Still I do not like the trade, and although I have a species of respect for Mike based mainly upon his kindly offer one night when I had paid for many beers that he had drunk, to punch the head of any one for me, I regard his calling as barbarous and degrading.

But I always recognize him. No one knows how soon he may want a head punched.

THE trial of ex-Judge George William Bishop, of the Orphans' court, and ex-President of the first branch of the city council of Baltimore, Md., and Isaac W. M. Helm, was concluded in the criminal court of that city, on the 24th. It was thought by some that Bishop's explanation, as made under oath, would have resulted in his acquittal, as he gave a circumstantial account of his part in the negotiation of the forged indorsement. But it is evident that the statement was not credited by the court before whom the case was tried, a jury trial having been declined by the accused. The case was argued for the prosecution by State Attorney Knott, and on the part of Bishop by Messrs. Heuveler & Keene, Colonel Marshall, for Helm, declined to make any remarks. Judge Pinkney reviewed the evidence briefly, and pronounced both Bishop and Helm guilty. There are four other cases against them, which will probably be settled. The prisoners were remanded for sentence, which will probably be for a long term in the penitentiary. The case has excited much interest in the community. A singular feature of the trial is found in the fact that Mrs. Ketchum, the mother of Helm, by her evidence aided materially in securing the conviction of her own son.

#### ADVERTISING.

A FEW advertisements will be inserted on this page at 50c. per line, net, payable in advance, for each and every insertion. No electrotypes or advertisements of a questionable character accepted.

#### AMUSEMENTS.

HARRY HILL'S Gentlemen's Sporting Theatre, Billiard Parlors and Shooting Gallery with Ball Room and Restaurant attached, No. 22, 24, 26, 30 and 32 Houston Street, and 147, 149 and 151 Crosby Street, N. Y. Open all the year round with the greatest Variety Show in the world. The most complete Vaudeville Theatre in the city. Grand Sporting Programme and the great Female Boxers every night. Grand Sacred Concert every Sunday night. Entire change and new faces every week.

CREMORNE GARDENS. Free to all. 104 West 32nd street, near Broadway. The largest hall, the finest music, the best attendance and the most beautiful women. Open every evening except Sunday. HUGHES & HUGHES, Proprietors.

#### MEDICAL.

MANHOOD Restored.—Prescription Free. For the speedy Cure of Seminal Weakness, Loss of Manhood, and all disorders brought on by indiscretion or excess. Any Druggist has the ingredients. Address DAVIDSON & CO., 78 Nassau street, New York.

A CARD.—To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, &c., I will send a receipt that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the Rev. JOSEPH T. INMAN, Station D, New York City.

DOCUTA Sandalwood Capsules.—The safest, speediest, most reliable cure for diseases of the Urinary Organs; fast superseding all other remedies. Beware of dangerous imitations, none genuine unless having "Docuta" on each box. DUNDAS DICK & CO., New York. Explanatory circular mailed free on application. Sold at all Drug Stores.

#### LOTTERIES.

LOUISIANA STATE LOTTERY COMPANY.

This Institution was regularly incorporated by the Legislature of the State for Educational and Charitable purposes, in 1868, FOR THE TERM OF TWENTY-FIVE YEARS, to which contract the inviolable faith of the State is pledged, with a capital of \$1,000,000, to which it has since added a reserved fund of \$350,000. IT NEVER SCALES OR POSTPONES. 110th Monthly Grand Distribution, New Orleans, July 8th, 1877 prizes, total, \$110,400; capitals, \$30,000 \$10,000, \$5,000, etc. 100,000 tickets, two (\$2) dollars; halves, one (\$1) dollar. Apply to M. A. DAUPHIN, P. O. Box 692, New Orleans, La.; or same at 319 Broadway, New York.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

\$5 TO \$20 per day at home. Samples worth \$5 free. Address STINSON & CO., Portland, Maine.

FULL Dress Gloves and Ties at MARK MAYER'S, 100 Fulton Street, New York.

\$66 A WEEK in your own town. Terms and \$5 outfit free. Address H. HALLETT & CO., Portland, Maine.

SCARCE Books and Rare Photos. Sample, 9c. Catalogue, 3c. D. P. ELLS & CO., Chicago, Ill.

\$72 A WEEK. \$12 a day at home easily made. Costly outfit free. Address TRICK & CO., Augusta, Maine.

PHOTOS—Actresses 5c. Special subjects 10c. each, 3 for 25c, 75c. per doz. Catalogues of Photos, Choice Books, &c., 3c. N. L. WHITNEY, 67 Jackson Street, Chicago, Ill.

MISS Margery's Roses. A Summer Idyl. By Robert C. Meyers. One volume, paper cover.—Price 50 cents. T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia, Pa.

\$10 TO \$1,000 invested in Wall Street Stocks makes fortunes every month. Book sent free explaining everything. Address BAXTER & CO Bankers 17 Wall Street, New York.

NEWSDEALERS, Canvasers and Subscription Agents, who have not already sent us their names and addresses, will confer a favor on themselves and the Publisher by forwarding the same at once.

REVOLVERS—4,000 7-shot Revolvers, handsomely nickel plated, in \$1. sample by mail, post-paid, \$1.10; liberal discount to dealers; catalogue free of novelties. GEORGE L. FELTON & CO., 479 Broadway, N. Y.

LYNCH'S Diamond Store, 925 Broadway, near 21st Street. The largest and finest assortment of Diamond Ear-rings, Crosses, Studs, Rings, Pink Pearls, Cats' Eyes, Jewelry, Silverware, &c., at prices 25 per cent. lower than any other house.

GENUINE French Transparent Playing Cards, each when held to the light, rare and spicy scene visible only when held to the light. Warranted to suit. Full playing deck of 52 cards sent by mail for 50 cents, prepaid. J. PATRICK, Box 5257, Boston, Mass.

JUDGE for Yourself.—By sending 35 cents with age, height, color of eyes and hair you will receive by return mail a correct photograph of your future husband or wife, with name and date of marriage. Address W. FOX, P. O. Drawer 33 Fultonville, N. Y.

TYPE for sale cheap. About 800 lbs. Minion and 200 lbs. Acate, in cases and tied up, in good condition; proof will be sent on application; this is an excellent opportunity and a bargain. Apply to FREEMAN, NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE office, 2, 4 and 6 Reade st., New York.



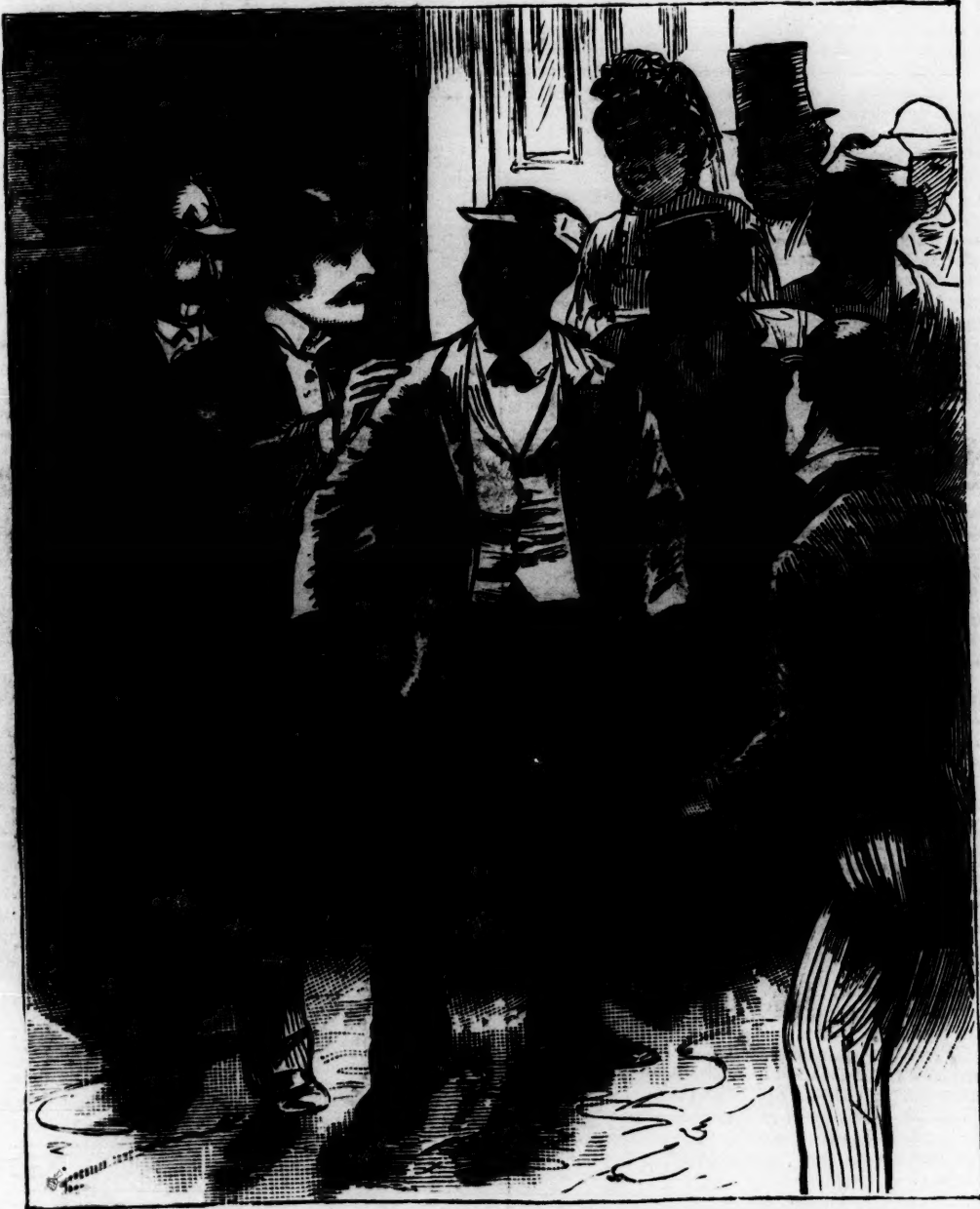


PAWNING THE STOLEN JEWELRY AT STERNBERG'S, IN BOSTON.

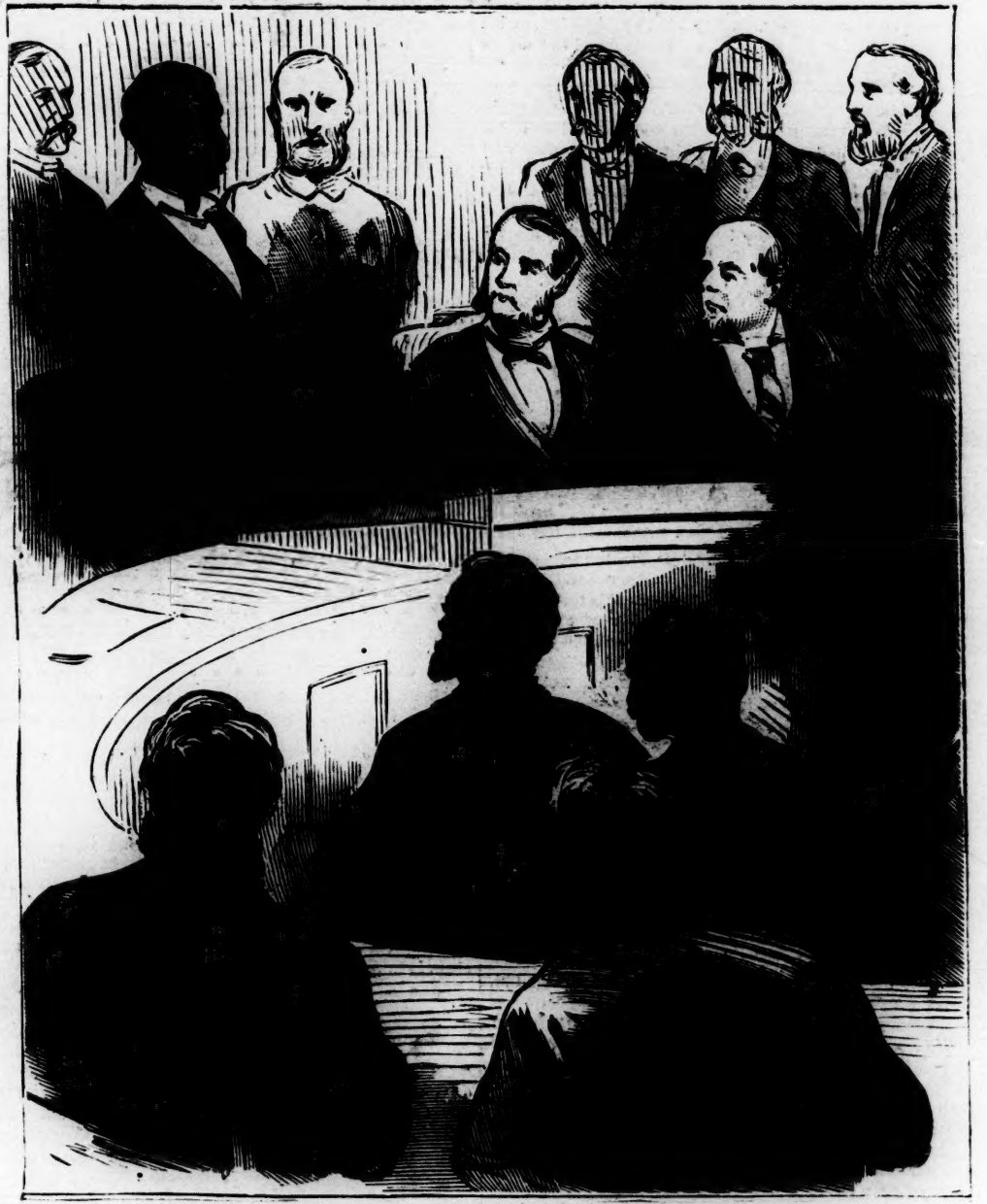
THE HULL MYSTERY.



PROOFS OF THE PRISONER'S GUILT DISCOVERED, AT THE STATION-HOUSE.



ARREST OF CHASTINE COX, AT THE COLORED CHURCH, IN BOSTON.



THE MURDERER BROUGHT BEFORE CORONER WOLTMAN.



CAPTAIN WILLIAMS AND HIS PRISONER IN THEIR BERTH, ON THE FALL RIVER STEAMER.



EXHIBITED AS A RABEE-SHOW IN THE CHIEF'S OFFICE, BOSTON.

THE HULL MYSTERY SOLVED—SCENES AND INCIDENTS IN CONNECTION WITH THE ARREST OF CHASTINE COX, THE SELF-CONFESSED MURDERER OF MRS. HULL.—[FROM SKETCHES BY GAZETTE SPECIAL ARTISTS.—SEE PAGE 6.]